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THE

CAMPAIGN OF 1346,

AN HISTORICAL DRAMA.

HENRY DUKE OF LANCASTER, EARL DERBY

THE

CAMPAIGN OF 1346,

ENDING WITH THE BATTLE OF CRECY;

AN

HISTORICAL DRAMA,

In Five Acts,

WITH NOTES,

AND

MEMOIRS OF SOME OF THE MOST EMINENT CHARACTERS

OF THE DRAMA.

BY

CHRISTOPHER GODMOND, Esq.

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FREDERICK JOHN, EARL OF RIPON,

OF RIPON,

In the County of York,

VISCOUNT GODERICH,

OF NOCTON, IN THE COUNTY OF LINCOLN,

IN ALL DEFERENCE,

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S

FAITHFUL AND OBLIGED SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

THE subject of the present Drama is taken from that part of the history of the war of England and France which broke out in the year 1345. In the previous war, the chief seat of which was in Bretagne, a truce had been concluded between England and France, under the auspices of Pope Clement, through his legates the Cardinals of Preneste and Clermont; and Edward and the Duke of Normandy* had sworn faithfully to perform the treaty. Judging from the relative situation of the parties in the field, this truce must have been highly favorable to Edward, whose force was little more than fifteen thousand, whilst his opponent had sixty thousand men in the field.†

Edward had also been obliged to act on the defensive, and retire to the city of Nantes, to be

* Eldest son of the King of France, afterwards King John; taken prisoner by the Black Prince, at Poictiers.

† Froissart.

near his fleet, where he was comparatively in a state of siege. Such was his position when this truce came so seasonably to his relief. This matter concluded, Edward returned to England, the Duke of Normandy to Paris, and Sir Oliver de Clisson, a noted chieftain of Bretagne (who, with his friend Henry de Leon, had been made prisoner at the siege of Nantes), was exchanged for Lord Stafford, De Leon remaining a prisoner in England.

A short time after, De Clisson and several other nobles of Bretagne and Normandy were arrested by the King of France, and incarcerated in the prison of the Châtelet, in Paris, and without any form of trial suffered death on the scaffold, to the great consternation of the nobles and citizens of Paris.

It may be difficult perhaps, unjust and cruel as this act of Philippe might be, to consider it as a fair and legitimate cause of war, or to support Edward in the position he took, that the truce had been broken; but so he and his council thought. The Parliament too, which had began to assume considerable authority in the state, also partook in the feeling, and gave its sanction to the war, which Edward was impatient to wage against Philippe, granting him ample supplies for its maintenance.

The real cause of this hostility might probably be traced to another source; Edward, however

erroneously, had long considered himself entitled to the realm of France, in right of his mother; and some historical explanation, as to the legal rights of the parties, connected as it is with the present drama, may be necessary.

It is to be observed, then, that Edward the Second had married Isabella, daughter of Philippe the Fair; she, as Froissart tells us, was "one of the fairest ladies in the world." By this marriage he had two sons and two daughters: the first was Edward the Third; John, who died an infant; Isabella, married to David, King of Scotland (son of Robert Bruce); the other to Reynold, Earl of Gueldres. Philippe the Fair had also three sons: Lewis (called Lewis Hutin), Philippe the Long, and Charles; they were each successively Kings of France, and all died without issue male. Charles had been married twice; by his last wife, who was the daughter of Lewis, Earl of Evreux, he left one daughter. At the time of his death, she was pregnant, and Charles, finding his end approaching, desired, if his child should be a son, that his kinsman, Lord Philippe de Valois, should be guardian and regent of the realm, until he should come of age and be crowned; but if a daughter, then he desired the twelve peers of France would take counsel for the government of the realm, and give the crown to him who had the greatest right.

Charles soon after died (about Easter, 1328), and in a short time the Queen had a daughter; and the peers of France, adjudged the crown and realm of France to Philippe de Valois, as the next male heir in succession; rejecting Isabella, Queen of England, and Edward her son, although she was the sister of Charles, and all other females, and establishing the salic law, which still exists in France, whereby no female can be sovereign of that realm.

In addition to this, Edward, after the coronation of Philippe, when a king himself, and with the sanction of his council; had in great pomp and ceremony done homage to Philippe, as King of France, in the city of Amiens,* for the dutchy of Guienne, and which, on account of some informality, he afterwards confirmed by letters patent,† sent to Philippe, thereby admitting his right to the crown in the most conclusive manner.

It would be foreign to the subject to discuss this matter further; which is so far introduced in elucidation of the present drama, and as fair matter of history; but it may be reasonably concluded that Edward, always ready to take the field, and with those morbid feelings arising from

* Froissart.

† For these letters patent, see Rymer.

this act of homage, was glad of a pretext of making war and claiming the crown of France.

In this chimerical project he had been stimulated by the fatal counsels of Lord Robert d'Artois, who, banished from France himself, and with feelings of inveterate hatred to Philippe; was continually urging Edward to assert his claim to the crown, who had long quartered the arms of France with England; an act highly offensive to Philippe, and sufficiently demonstrative of his intentions, when time and opportunity might serve.

Such was the state of affairs when this ruinous war broke out afresh—a war, the foundation of all the others that followed, which deluged France with blood for nearly a century, and in the end proved so disastrous to Edward himself; living as he did to see his kingdom impoverished, and almost all his conquests vanish before him.

The drama, founded upon this historical narrative, commences with the arrival of a messenger from Paris, announcing the violent deaths of De Clisson and other nobles of Bretagne and Normandy; the consternation it had created in Paris, the sensation in Edward and his council; and the conclusion they came to, of its being a direct violation of the truce, and a necessity for war.* In this debate the King, agreeably to the

* In order that the historical student may not be misled, it may be necessary to state, that the war broke out in the year 1345, when Earl

details of history, in the intemperate feeling of the moment, so far forgets his high station, as to demand De Leon's life, a chieftain of Philippe's, then his prisoner, as a kind of reprisal; this is opposed by Earl Derby; and Edward, by a happy versatility of temper, submits with a good grace to his decision, and De Leon is saved. The propriety of Derby's bold language to his sovereign on this occasion may appear questionable; but it may be defended on the ground of his mature age, his being Edward's chief counsellor, a kind of political mentor; moreover, there was a necessity to rescue his sovereign from the false position he had taken, one of positive self-condemnation.

The introduction of ludicrous and fictitious characters may not, agreeably to the rules of the ancient schools, be altogether in good taste in the *historical* drama; but authorities might be instanced, where such niceties have been disregarded, and with effect, as light and shade are introduced in a landscape.

Johnson, one of our first critics, somewhere observes, (speaking of the higher walks of the

---

Derby was despatched to Gascony; but soon after, harassed by an immense army under the Duke of Normandy, Edward, in 1346, having got supplies, raised a great force, intending to land there and succour Derby, but was persuaded by Lord Harcourt to land in Normandy. See the third Act of the Drama.

drama,) that in all the productions of wit inequalities will arise; the judgment will sometimes err, sometimes the matter itself; that in every author's works, some parts must be better than others; and, in his felicitous manner, illustrates his subject by a comparison; that the colours are not equally fine, or the attitudes equally graceful, in all the pictures of Titian.

The first introduction of young Edward is at Eltham. At this period he was a boy of sixteen. The author has thought proper to bring him out in the sports of the chace. He was undoubtedly expert in all the manly exercises of the age, as well from inclination as the better to qualify himself for those arduous duties he was destined so soon to follow, in the field of war.

The character of the Princess is one of mere simplicity and goodness, such as might be supposed of an unsophisticated girl of fifteen; who had already partaken of the sorrows of adversity in the melancholy death of her father. The old will see nothing in her conduct to her cousin but gratitude for her rescue; the young ladies may suppose she was in love, and their opinion may so far have the sanction of truth, as the cousins afterward married.

The character of De Leon is that of an old independent Breton chieftain, proud, impatient, firm, just, and fearless; tenacious of liberty,

so dear to a man of his cast of mind; highly grateful to his liberator; his friendship for De Clisson is pure, without alloy, consistent to the last. The first intention was, to close his character on his release from prison; but it was thought his independence and friendship for De Clisson might be made more conspicuous in an interview with his sovereign, of whom he demands an explanation for the sacrifice of his friend.

In the court scene, the exile De Harcourt appears, and is welcomed by Edward and his court; Queen Philippa is also introduced, and as much of her noble character delineated as an occasional speech would permit.

The soliloquy of the Princess Joan, in the preceding scene, is intended as a contrast to the court scene; being one of artless simplicity, such as might be expected from a young girl partial to scenes of nature. It was suggested from a real one in the beautiful walk in Brimley Lane, Teignmouth, where the author met with a thrush's nest in a garden in June last.

In the third Act is the interview between King Philippe and De Leon, whose character is now fully developed. He gives his own reasons for his bold demeanour to his King.—He had grown old in his service, was sinking into the grave, and had lost his last and only friend by the cruel act of his sovereign. Poor De Leon made his final

exit soon after, in the city of Angers, where he died on the way to his native soil, before he could hang his banners

"in the halls of his sires of old."

Passing over intermediate scenes which have the sanction of history, we arrive at the town of Poix; the castle was burnt. The Earl of Poix was with Philippe's army; the two young ladies, his daughters, were timely rescued by Lord Basset and Sir John Chandos. The episode of Lord Basset and Lady Eloise Poix, if such were her name, was formed after the drama; in consequence of the paucity of real female characters the historical narrative would admit of; she is therefore enlisted as a kind of heroine for a few scenes. Thus her assumed character of Theodore, the death of Lord Basset's man, the villain Filmer (an assumed character), these, though all within the limits of probability, are mere images of the mind.

Here again the young ladies may presume Lady Eloise Poix to have been in love as much as Lord Basset; but they may be assured she took the garb of a soldier from mere filial affection, to be the instrument of saving her father's life.

The passage of the Somme at "Blanche Taque," pointed out to Edward by the peasant "Agace,"

as Edward's guide, is matter of history sanctioned by all historians; the story here follows Froissart's account. The passage of the Somme was probably the most brilliant act in this memorable campaign.

The field of Crecy and the battle.—The groundwork and all the details, with some slight additions, are agreeable to Froissart's account, and adopted by Hume and other historians. The declamatory speech of Edward to his soldiers; the billet he sent to Philippe, advising him of his position; the combat between the Prince of Wales and D'Alençon; the speeches of Luxembourgh; the development of Lady Poix's true character, are poetical superstructures, with the exception that Edward did harangue his soldiers previous to the battle.

As to Edward's tears and subdued feelings on the result of the victory, it has been somewhere observed, that after the excitement of the day, there never was a conqueror, (however firm or strong of nerve, or splendid his victory,) who did not experience the most painful revulsion of feeling: such were the feelings of many heroes of antiquity; such were those, it is said, of the great Hero of Waterloo.

Relying partly upon the authority of history, and partly taking nature for his guide, the author has made Edward subdued by this honorable sen-

sation; and instead of exultation, in the closing scene with his son, he has given his speech a solemn cast, as being more congenial to the then state of his mind.

He is apprehensive he may not have done justice to Edward's noble character. He has attempted to represent him, as he thinks history will justify, as a prince of a happy and playful disposition; of great courage, spirit, and generosity; occasionally actuated by the impulse of the moment; and subject to those ebullitions which are probably peculiar to most heroes.

That he had the failings of anger and resentment, spots in his character like those in the sun, cannot be denied. Thus, at the battle of Caen, on the resistance of the townsmen, he commanded the town to be burnt, but was easily appeased on the first remonstrance of Lord Harcourt. In De Leon's affair, he was immediately reconciled by Earl Derby; and at Calais (although the story of the six burgesses is a questionable one, at least the most offensive part of it), he was softened to pity by the tears of his queen, or his own better reflections.

The character of the Black Prince is one as possessing, at his early age, all the noble and amiable qualities—ardent and spirited in war—mild, diffident, and benevolent in his general demeanour—dutiful to, and invariably showing

the most profound reverence for his father. It might have been desirable to have made the Prince the hero of the drama, but this could not be, where his father, a proved hero, then in the flower of his age, must, of necessity, be always present.

The Prince has full scope for all the heroic virtues in the battle of Crecy, where his valour and mercy are equally conspicuous; that he showed invincible courage and great skill, all historians agree; but he was only a boy of sixteen. Partiality to one so precocious, so great a favorite with his country, must not so far blind us, as to attribute the victory of Crecy to his military genius. The King was there, "directing the whirlwind and the storm," and at his side were the flower of the English nobility—

> "Their graceful forms
> In steel—their hearts in true honor cased."

There is no authority for the Prince having been engaged in personal combat with D'Alençon, no more than there is for Richmond having killed Richard, on Bosworth Field; or Prince Henry, Harry Percy. The author thus having the highest sanction for the fiction he has resorted to.

In some parts of the Drama, some words, now nearly obsolete, such as "budge," "I ween," "I trow," and the old style of "thou'st," instead of

"thou hast;" "let's," instead of "let us;" "means," instead of "mean'st;" have occasionally been made use of as terms applicable in the middle ages. The reader will, probably, prefer the style now in use, as the best, and which he can easily adopt in the reading, if he pleases.

The author acknowledges the pleasure he has had in following Froissart through the whole of his interesting narrative. This pleasing historian, whom, Mr. Hume says, delighted in the "marvellous," certainly descends occasionally to minute matter; it may be a beauty peculiar to himself. In the middle of the most interesting part of his narrative of the battle of Crecy, he suddenly leaves off to tell a story of the French King having that day given a great black courser to Sir John Hainault, who gave it to Lord John Fussels; how the same horse suddenly became restive, ran away with his master, and, in the end, threw him into a great ditch. Now all this, trifling as it may appear, has at least one advantage; it gives an air of authenticity to the whole work, and is at least amusing. But Mr. Hume, who certainly neither dealt in the "marvellous" or the "credulous," in one of his notes in Edward's life, has this remark; "the numberless mistakes of Froissart," says he, "proceeding either from negligence, credulity, or a love of the marvellous,

invalidate very much his testimony, although he was a contemporary," &c.

This, from so acute a logician as Mr. Hume, is at least a libel on his memory, for, in his history of Edward and his successor, he has quoted Froissart more than Avesbury, Knighton, or any other historian; referring to Froissart as his authority in more than fifty instances. Thus, first taking the honey, and then destroying the hive.

A French historian does Froissart more justice; speaking of his chronicles, he says, "On croit lire une page de l'Histoire des plus beaux temps de la république Romaine placée par aventure et comme par mèprise au milieu de l'histoire de la Chevalerie."*

And another author, speaking of the same work, says, "On trouve encore dans ce *fragment* de la reddition de Calais digne de ce même Froissart et de l'éloquente prècision de Tacite," &c.†

One word in conclusion, as to the importance of the history on which the drama is founded.

An elegant writer‡ has said, "No war had broken out, since the fall of the Roman empire, so memorable as this; whether its object, duration, or the magnitude, or variety of its events be con-

* L'Auteur des eludes Historiques.

† M. Piers, Varietés Historiques sur la Ville St. Omer.

‡ Hallam's State of Europe in the Middle Ages.

sidered, it was a struggle of one hundred and twenty years, interrupted but once by a regular pacification; where the most ancient and extensive dominion in the world was the prize, twice lost and twice recovered in the conflict; whilst individual courage was wrought up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm."

It has also been somewhere observed, that the preface (as the porch or entrance of a work) ought to be beautiful, it being the elegance of the porch which is to announce the splendor of the edifice. If the author could have borrowed the fascinating pen of that writer,* he might have attempted to illustrate his position; as it is, the reader must be satisfied with this plain but, he trusts, perspicuous explanation; and of the work itself, he begs of him to look with a gentle eye of criticism on its defects.†

* D'Israeli.

† The historical explanation in this preface, and the notes, may be useful to those readers who have not leisure to consult Froissart, and the several authorities referred to.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ENGLISH.

Edward the Third, King of England.
Edward, the Black Prince.
Earl Derby, *Cousin to the King.*
Earl of Warwick.
Earl of Arundel.
Earl of Huntingdon.
Lord Godfrey de Harcourt.
Lord Basset.
Sir John Chandos, *a favorite at Court.*
Sir Thomas Holland.
Sir John Beauchamp.
Sir Thomas Norwich.
Captain Filmer.
Peter, *an old pampered Steward of the Countess of Kent.*
The Warder of the Savoy.
The Warder of the Watch Tower, at Eltham.
Theophile, *Lord Basset's man.*
Citizens, Foresters, &c.

FRENCH, GERMANS, &c.

Philippe de Valois, King of France.
Earl de Alençon, *the King's Brother.*
Charles of Luxembourgh *(King of Bohemia), blind.*
Earl Moyne, *principal Knight of the King of Bohemia.*
Sir Henry de Leon, *an old independent Breton Chieftain, a prisoner in the Savoy.*
Earl of Guiennes, *Constable of France.*
Earl Tankerville.
The Earl of Poix.
Armand, *King Philippe's confidential Secretary.*
Gobin Agace, *a native and peasant of Ponthieu.*
Officers, Ushers, Couriers, and Attendants.

FEMALES.

Philippa, Queen of England.
The Countess of Kent.
Princess Joan, the Fair Maid of Kent.
Emily, *her Companion.*

FEMALE.

Lady Eloise Poix

ERRATA.

PAGE 4, *for* mocking, *read* mockery.

5, line sixteen from top, *for*

Of a furiate king fallaciously destroy

read Of an infuriate king fallaciously

Destroy a mind like yours ; and may the sweet

61, line four, *after* more, *insert* so.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1346.

ACT I. SCENE I.

THE PALACE OF WESTMINSTER.

A Courier appears in haste at the Palace Gate, and rings a bell violently.

Courier. WHY, what are the good people about? Are they all asleep at this time o' day? Now, may St. Jerome bless us, if the bells at Westminster are not chiming seven.

A Servant appears.

Serv. Oh! Master Speedwell, is it you? You are welcome, my good master; we have been looking out for you, wistfully, since your last journey—hope you bring us better news. Pray, how may the French King be going on? Does he still keep his nobles in coop?

Courier. What can thou possibly have to do with

the French King, or his nobles, Jonathan? Mind thy own business, and thou may have nobles of thine own.

Serv. You be merry, Master Speedwell; you grow quite loquacious. Always fond of a joke, Master. Me a' nobles, quotha'? That's very good.

Courier. I meant golden nobles, mooncalf!

Serv. Why, they be the best sort o' nobles after all—sure-ly.

Courier. Aye, in thy estimation, earthworm. But where's his Highness? (1) Is he abroad yet? If so, let his Chamberlain know I've despatches.

Serv. Yes, Master Speedwell; his Grace has risen these two hours. He's a brave royal chick for crowing in a morning; he's now with his council. There's something great going on. I smell war! Dear me, I'm quite joy'd! There will be nothing but breaking of heads!

Courier. Don't talk of breaking heads; talk of breaking fasts. Shew me the buttery, man.

SCENE II.

THE PALACE OF WESTMINSTER—A COUNCIL CHAMBER.

The King and Earl Derby.

K. Edw. Cousin, thy well-timed counsel we'll adopt.

If Arteville be dead, [2] these fickle Flemings
We must bind by marriage; affiance
Their young prince with Isabel, our daughter. [3]

Derby. Thus will your union, Sire, with Flanders
Be firm and sure, giving you safe footing
In your future wars with France.

[*A Gentleman Usher enters with a Courier.*

Well, trusty friend, what tidings now?

Courier. My Liege, the news is sorrowful indeed:
Some ten days hence, those noble Breton knights,
De Clisson, Percy, and De Morilon,
Who, in the dark prison of the Châtelet, [4]
Had by their King been secretly shut up,
Were to a public scaffold dragged, and there,
Without mercy or fair trial, cruelly
Put to death!

K. Edw. What cause for this sad tragedy?

Courier. This, Sire, is what the peers of Paris ask?
In groundless envy, some suppose; for that
Your Grace preferred de Clisson's ransom
To Chevalier Leon's, your prisoner here.

[*Exit Courier.*

K. Edw. Well, Cousin Derby, with those fine feelings
Of our common nature, that bind man
To man, lacking which, this social state
Of things must dwindle and decay; do you

Not blush, your manly blood boil o'er, at this
Stain on royalty, this deadly tarnish
Of the princely diadem; for our part,
So suddenly has this sad news beset us,
Wholly unprepar'd we feel what measure
To adopt; for ne'er since we wore the pure
Royal ermine, stood we so much in need
Of your sage counsel and advice.

Derby. My honored Liege,
I never thought the hasty truce of Vannes[5]
Would long remain unbroken; your policy,
In accepting terms of peace from the Pope's
Legates, gave you so much the 'vantage ground,
That Philippe has never since sat easy
On his throne. Hence, this last perfidious act,
Done as if in mocking of your Grace,
The truce thus virtually broken, what
Remains but persevering war.

K. Edw. We, too, call
For war, open, unqualified war!
And shall proud Philippe, spiting us, only
Have revenge: shall he alone, my cousin,
When and where he will, a sacrifice make,
And we look tamely on; what greater friend
Has Philippe, or more bitter foe than we,
In that proud, disdainful knight, De Leon!
As a poor reprisal, then, we demand

De Leon's head, for those brave lords, sacrificed
So basely by this mean king.

Derby. De Leon's, Sire, was
Honorable war! If e'er you valued
The counsel of a friend, or your kinsman
Found favour in your sight, we beseech you,
My Liege, recal, blot out for ever, that cold
Vindictive feeling, which, like a fiend, besets
As high a mind as can adorn the bright
Royal sceptre. My words are bold, but true;
The plain words, Sire, "of soberness and truth,"
Such as should sometimes meet the royal ear.
—Assay—shake off this viper, that would sting
Your noble heart, leaving a canc'rous wound
Time cannot heal; let not the example
Of a furiate king fallaciously destroy
A mind like yours; and may the sweet
Gentle attribute of mercy, heaven's
Richest boon! in all its native beauty,
Shed its mild beams, those dark mists dispel,
That now obscure your soul.

K. Edw. Thou'st a tongue so mild and gentle, cousin,
Temper'd by a wit so high and lofty,
As would dissolve a heart of granite rock!
Thy counsel's saved Leon; and tho' he's been
Our bitterest foe, taunted us with homage,(6)
We once did Philippe; (a sting more poignant
Than the fell scorpion's!) yet with his life

He shall have ransom, too; nor the fiend
Thou speakest of torment this bosom more.
Throw a kind shade o'er this, our passing fault;
For, stripped of our royal robes, we're but frail
Weak man.

Derby. Thus bursts forth the sun, the fleeting clouds gone by!
All radiant, smiling, pure, the deep azure sky!

K. Edw. Gentle coz, thy vanities forbear,
For war, for glorious war, now prepare.
'Tis the early bird pecks the golden grain.

Derby. Little preparation we need, my Liege,
My horses and equipage are ready;
My heart my king's ever! De Leon, Sire?
To the Savoy let me hasten.

K. Edw. His prison gate we will unlock ourself.

Derby. His spirit's high and lofty, Sire;
Rich beauties shading, as dark spots
On the sun's pure disk; this thin veil
Gently draw aside; his virtues
Only see—a hard, rugged shell
Often conceals the sweetest fruit.

K. Edw. A true limner
Art thou, gentle coz! part of this arch sketch
Thou slyly means for me: "*his spirit's high*
"*And lofty, Sire*"—our collision fear not;
Some fiery sparks may fly; the hottest steel
Time will cool.

Derby. And patience a warm temper.

K. Edw. Thou hits me hard, coz!

The portrait's now complete—quite royal—adieu!
Our Commons granting supplies, on time's wings
To Gascony we'll follow thee.

Derby. Sire, a kind farewell! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

THE PALACE OF ELTHAM.

Peter, an old pampered Steward of the Countess of Kent, climbing the stairs of a Watch-tower.

Peter. Why Warder, where art thou; where hast thou put thyself? How dizzy I am, like many who have climbed too high! Who would live in these lone towers, where there's nothing but thin air to feed on. Well, thank St. Benedict, my state's fair and even enough—a good house—a good lady—a good larder. Surely my lady must have sold the fee simple of these airy tenements to the choughs and daws, and such like vermin! What a chattering you make, you noisy varlets; but its your dinner time, I trow: for my part I make no noise then—no; neighbour Blossom always says I bring with me nothing but appetite. No! no politics for me—its not a dish to my liking—too stimulating. No! nor psalmody, or song, such as the

scholars chaunt in my lady the queen's hall, over the boar's head.[7] Why Warder?

The Warder from above.

Warder. What noisy owlet's this?—Oh, Peter, my chicken-hearted, what's brought thee here?

Peter. Why I'm neither booted nor spurred, but my legs, I ween! My lady's in trouble: our young mistress, the fair maid of Kent, went out at sun-rise to see the hunters; there have been fearful cries in the woods; my lady desires to know if thou hast seen aught of the chace—she's in a sad taking!

Warder. Well, hie thee down, Peter; tell my lady the prince is in full chace of the wild boar, at the foot of the black mountain, my young lady looking on at the sport. What a beast he is; how grimly the monster eyed and knapped their javelins; if thou hadst but seen his tusks, Peter—poor chicken-hearted Peter!

Peter. I'd rather see him in the larder, well collared in fair red and white, and nicely spiced—that's the place for the wild boar, friend! When thou seest me facing the wild boar in the larder, call me chicken-hearted then. Now for the news to my lady—but softly, first a cup of spiced malmsey. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A FOREST.

A wild boar runs through the brush-wood—hunters pass over the stage.

Enter two Foresters.

1*st For.* This way, neighbour Simkin—here the great boar ran—I mark'd him by this tree.

2*d For.* Nay, Walter, it was near the cliff, by the Black Mount; there's a cave in the cliff, nearly smothered with briars. He's gone there, doubtless.

A bugle sounds. The Prince of Wales enters in a hunting dress, armed with a javelin and falchion.

P. Wales. Foresters! my company's dispersed,
My dog's disabled; have you seen my train
Pass here; think you the wild boar this way made?

1*st For.* My Lord, your company has passed thro' the avenue; the wild boar, the great ruffian, as we call him, ran near this tree: Master Simkin says he's gone to the cliff; for my part I think he's lurking in the brush-wood here.

P. Wales. His lair, perhaps, may be in yonder cliff.

[*Here a cry of distress is heard.*

What dreaded noise is that? do my senses
Deceive me? surely that's my cousin's voice.
Time urges; follow quickly, friends.

The scene changes. The Princess Joan is seen pursued by a wild boar; she throws away her cloak, which attracts the animal—the Prince enters to her rescue, pierces the boar with his javelin, and destroys him.—The Princess faints.

P. Wales. Dear Joan, fair cousin, all danger's o'er;
Thou dear companion of my childhood,
Revive again; 'tis Edward calls thee, Joan:
Thank heaven, she breathes! Let me raise thee, coz.

Princess. Oh, Edward, my preserver, my homage
And my gratitude be thine for ever!
To the palace let's hasten, my mother's
Anxious mind relieve.

P. Wales. Foresters, this monster
To the palace gate convey.

SCENE V.

THE PALACE OF ELTHAM.

Countess of Kent, and Emily, companion of the Princess, walking on a terrace.

Countess. Oh, Emily, a mother's feelings sooth—
Say my child's safe, all other ills I'll bear;

Methought the worst had surely come, when fell
Mortimer[8] my kind guileless lord betray'd,
Myself a widow, my child an orphan, made.

Emily. Take comfort, Madam; heaven the orphan and
The widow shields by ways inscrutable
To human ken—the Prince's eagle eye
Now guards her. [*A bugle sounds.*

Countess. Hark! the Prince's clarion.
That joyful sound I know well.

The Prince and Princess enter.

Countess. Oh, welcome to thy mother's arms, my child!
Why has the chase so long detained you, Prince?

[*The Prince retires to another part of the stage.*

Princess. Forgive me, mother, all the fault was mine,
Too venturesome I've been; Edward's brave arm
Preserved me—single handed, undaunted,
With his bright sword he clove the monster down;
At that sad hour your child was all but lost.

Countess. Noble, gallant Prince!
Will thy chaste ear ever refuse our praise?
True merit to fair modesty was e'er allied;
May'st thou from this world's wiles be ever free, my child;
Thy spotless name shine forth like blossoms on the tree,
And as the plum's bright azure bloom, unsullied be!

Peter enters in haste—almost breathless.

The Prince and Princess retire to another part of the stage, and converse in dumb show.

Peter. My honored lady, I bring you good news! I reached the top of the tower, my lady, and by mere clamour waked the warder, who was fast asleep. The Prince is now at the head of his company, near the Black Mount, in full chace of the wild boar. It was a glorious sight—a fine chace—a noble brute! My young lady's looking on and enjoying the sport—you will soon see them safe home again, my lady.

The Prince and Princess listen to Peter's tale.

Countess. Thou'st been fast asleep and dreaming, Peter;
The malmsey turns thy weak brains upside down.
Why, see'st thou not the Prince and Princess here?

Peter. Yes, my lady, as you say, I must have been fast asleep, but I never dream, my lady; and now I remember, in my capacity of your ladyship's steward, tasting the malmsey; we have not had such humming gear* since my young lady's christening; it has most consoling effects, my lady. [*Exit Countess.*

* Humming gear, a name given for strong ale or other liquor in the north; a figurative expression, taken, it is supposed, from its musical notes when brewing.

The Prince and Princess come forward.

P. Wales. So thou art fond of malmsey, Peter! Of humming gear? a taste of the boar's head, Perhaps, may please thee; go, good Peter, give It one tender look.

Princess. Yes, for my sake, Peter!

Peter. What, has your Highness let him taste a bit of your javelin; have you fairly pinked him; are you sure he's dead, his spirit gone; as the learned say, is he quite *dis*tinct? No! I wont touch him, my young lady; no, not for your sake, while he has a tusk in his head—dead or alive; no, not till he's fairly collared and spiced in the larder. Remember, my lord, 'tis the ruffian of the woods—no common brute!

The Warder enters with the boar's head.

Warder. No, nor thee, Peter! say I was asleep, tell stories again, Peter! Look at his tusks—face him man—poor chicken-hearted Peter!

Peter runs off, followed by the Warder.

P. Wales. Well, merry be he who makes others laugh. [*A trumpet sounds.*

Sir John Chandos enters.

Chandos, my friend, how welcome! What news?

Chandos. A message, dear Prince, from court; but what gay
Merry making's this at the palace gate?
'Tis all a scene of mirth and laughter.

P. Wales. Nothing, Chandos! a merry dance, perhaps,
Round the boar's head.—The news, tantalizer?

Chandos. War, brave Prince, with France! war, welcome ever
To the soldier's ear! News has reached the King
That Philippe of France, in some silly fit
Of jealousy or rage, the cause unknown,
Has cruelly put to death Lord Clisson,
Ralph Percy, and other brave Breton knights;
The truce is broken, and a bold defiance
Sent Philippe. Why, Prince, so young and yet
So thoughtful? [*The Prince is quite abstracted.*

P. Wales. Shall not my father from his blood-stained throne
The usurper hurl! here, at truth's holy,
Unalterable shrine, like the dauntless
Carthage boy, eternal war I swear 'gainst
The fell tyrant and his deadly house!

Ye shady groves, bleak craggy mounts,
For ever now farewell!
'Tis savage man we hunt, not the
Wild tyrant of the dell.

Princess. Pray thee, Edward, seek not uncertain war!

Too young thou art, thy strength's not yet mature.

P. Wales. The wild boar, remember; was he strong, coz?

To horse, good Chandos! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A GREEN.

The servants of the Countess, dressed with flowers, are dancing in a circle. The boar's head on a pole, adorned with flowers, in the centre. Peter is within the circle; the Warder rating and urging him to face the boar's head.—Country music.*

* The dance round the boar's head was a favorite pastime in the middle ages. In the progress of cultivation the wild beasts of the forest were exterminated, and the custom lost.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II. SCENE I.

THE PRISON OF THE SAVOY.[9]

Sir Henry De Leon, a prisoner, reclining on a couch. The Warder and his man enter with provisions; as customary in early days, the Warder first tastes.

De Leon. My prison days grow irksome!
Canst thou, warder, by any goodly trick,
Or shrewd device, shake off this sad languor?
It wears out the soul. Come, I'm sick at heart.
Tell me good news of Britt'ny, the dear land
That gave Leon birth. Wert thou my prisoner,
Lacking good news, methinks some merry tale
I'd coin, to 'swage thy rueful hours.
Warder. Be cheerful, sir,
And eat your food in peace; in God's good time
Your ransom you will have, and once more breathe
The blithsome air of France: of news there's none,
Save strange rumours—How loud, it is the king!
[*A bell rings.*
He once was here before; that sound full well
I know.

K. Edw. Warder, withdraw. Well, Chevalier Leon,
You seem confused, my presence annoys you.

De Leon. Surprised, but not confused, Sire! your Highness
Must allow this visit 's rather sudden,
The prison's air too has unnerved my frame.

K. Edw. Thy frame may be somewhat more unnerv'd
'Fore our meeting close.

De Leon. King Edward, I fear not death!
That I believe thou knowest; such 's thy intent?

K. Edw. Kill we the dove on its peaceful nest,
Like thy base King? Art thou prepar'd to hear
Of Clisson's death, thy faithful friend in arms;
That he, De Percy, and other brave lords,
A public scaffold have been forced to climb,
Like base felons suffer ignominious
Death!

De Leon. Pardon, Sire, this news o'erpowers me!
If true, there 's something more behind this scene,
Of things time will unriddle; my kind Liege
To his faithful knights was ever just, mild,
And benevolent.

K. Edw. Was not Clisson a true knight?
We tell thee, De Leon, thy noble friends
Sacrificed have been! their heads on the gates
Of Paris exposed, this without mercy

Or fair trial. What think'st thou now of thy
Just, mild King?

De Leon. Pardon, Sire, King Philippe's
My liege lord, I've done him homage; 'twould ill
Become his true knight, your prisoner too,
The actions of his sovereign to scrutinize,
Or his justice to arraign.

K. Edw. Talk not to me
Of homage!* touch that feverish chord once more,
And by our tutelar patron, Holy
St. George, thy body too on this prison
Gate shall hang!

De Leon. Let my body on thy prison gate hang!
Thy captive am I, Edward, not thy slave!
Thou may'st torture—yes, this weak frame subdue,
But canst thou a web so fine and subtle
Weave, as to enchain the soul? That at least's
My King's, nor shall it ever bend or quail
To other earthly power.

K. Edw. Noble Leon—bright star of chivalry!
The splendid mirror of all virtue!—where
Monarchs may lessons of justice and true
Honor trace; receive again from Edward
That spotless sword thy body once adorn'd,

* The King never forgave himself for having done homage to Philippe: he carried this morbid feeling with him to the grave.

And with it receive thy liberty. From
This moment thou art free; nor art thou free
Alone; thy noble, gallant carriage
Has freed me also; yes, the conflict 's o'er
That weighed down our burthened soul. Know
Our purpose was to have robbed thee, Leon,
Of thy guileless life; and but for the sweet
Timely counsel of our Cousin Derby,
(And blessed was the counsel that he gave,)
Even now thy pure spirit would have sped
Its course.

De Leon. A conflict, Sire, in my mind you've raised,
So powerful, I lose all fair utterance.
Fain would gratitude, e'en in feeble terms,
Rise uppermost; its humble offerings
Pour out to you, my preserver; but my
Feelings for De Clisson rise up and choke
All others. Oh, Clisson! thy pure spirit
Knew no guile, by base treach'ry thou hast fallen.
If e'er true honour's sword more brightly shone,
'Twas when wielded by thy bold puissant arm.

K. Edw. Time passes Leon, glad once more you'll be
To salute your native soil; a favorite
Charger, which at the brave siege of Nantes good
Service did us, as a poor remembrance
Accept it for our sake,

De Leon. My only offering, Sire, a grateful heart!
Have you ought further?

K. Edw. A message to thy King; but thou
So loyal art, our hatred so sincere,
The mere mooting of this point we feared
Might once more fiery coals blow up, 'tween
Such combustibles as thou and us.

De Leon. Sire, you know well what chaste bearing I owe
My King; what you from your own knights require,
My honour safe, your will's surely mine.

K. Edw. Tell him, then, by the death of these brave men
His sceptre's tarnish'd, the sword of justice
Broken, the royal ermine sullied,
The kingly office degraded, our truce
Is ended, and we defy him! (10)

De Leon. These high terms,
Softening but slightly, Sire, to my King
I'll faithfully convey; to my native
Home then retire, where my banner (11) hanging
In its sacred halls, with those of my sires
Of old, this trusty sword I'll for ever
Sheath; praying the blessed sun your last days
May gild as mildly, as its ardent rays
Warm and illuminate your youth.

K. Edw. Farewell! all earthly good attend thee here,
All happiness hereafter, great,
Exalted man.

The Scene closes.

SCENE II.

A GARDEN OF THE PALACE OF WESTMINSTER, WITH A VIEW OF THE RIVER.

The Princess Joan enters.

Princess. Oh solitude! nature's chaste, silent school,
Sweet contrast of a gay and gorgeous court;
How do I prize thee in this lone retreat,
The abode of simple purity and love.
Where the brisk thrush, with quiv'ring speckled throat,
Pours forth wild varied notes of constancy
To his calm listening mate, brooding the while
On her green mossy nest and spotted eggs.
And you, fair flowers, in groups of purple pride,
Why your sweet perfume shed, then droop and die?
Vain emblems of mortality! fain would
I crop you, a brilliant chaplet weave
For Edward's lofty brow; but you are frail
And perishable, whilst his deeds promise

An endless, unfading immortality!
But, hark! the gay merry harp invites us
To the ceremonious court.

[*Military music is heard.*

SCENE III.

THE PALACE OF WESTMINSTER—A STATE ROOM.

The King and Queen take their stations on their thrones —the Prince of Wales, Prince Lionel, Countess of Kent, the Princess Joan, Countesses, Lords, Officers, &c. As the King and Queen enter, military music.

K. Edw. My lords, and you fair dames, the blushing
Roses of our court; we greet you for this
Sweet homage to us and our faithful Queen.
To you, brave warriors, the props and pillars
Of this realm, our heart's doubly pledged; you, who
At the bold trumpet's call, soft robes of peace
Doff off, for trappings of hard war. Nor are
Our thanks less due to you, ye gentle fair,
Whose smiles to chivalry give so keen a zest,
Reserved this day for Harcourt's brave banish'd
Lord.

[*Here Lord Godfrey Harcourt is introduced; as he kneels the King raises him.*

K. Edw. Welcome to us, our Queen, and royal court,

Welcome to England, sir, sure refuge
Of the brave!

The King presents him to the Queen and Court. A Deputation from Parliament is announced. The King resumes his seat on the throne.

Lord Arundel. We're commanded to inform your Grace, that
The Lords and Commons of this mighty realm,[12]
Duly weighing the many incroachments
Of Philippe de Valois, his hollow truce
Of Vannes, his late cruel acts to the lords
Of Brittany, in your measures of just war
Heartily concur, and ample supplies
Resolve to grant; in furtherance of which
Levies will forthwith be made thro'out the
Several burghs and counties of your realm;
And a kind blessing begging on your arms,
In all sincerity they bid your Grace
Farewell!

K. Edw. My Lords, thro' you, the deputies
Of our Lords and Commons, in Parliament
Assembled, our gracious and ready thanks
We send, for these their liberal supplies
So timely given; assuring them, and
The worthy Prelates of our realm, what in their

Bounty so cheerfully they grant, we, in
All due thrift, will faithfully expend.

[*The deputation withdraws.*

Lord John Beauchamp enters, and kneels.

Beauchamp. I'm commanded, Sire, by your first captain,
Brave Earl Warwick, in all due deference,
Your high presence to approach, and inform
Your Grace, that your royal fleet in Hampton
Haven lies, fully equipped for sea,
At single anchor riding, with England's
Proud banner waving in the wind.

K. Edw. Well spoken, gallant youth;—thy name?

Beauchamp. Beauchamp, Sire.

K. Edw. Of a rare noble stock thou art—glory
Awaits thee! tell our captain we're ready;
On the morrow he may expect us. [*Exit.*
Now, our Queen, our last, but chiefest duty
Is to thee; in whose pure mind kind nature,
In holy mould, has stamped whatever's great,
Or good, or wise; you, with Nevill and brave
Percy's Lord, we name warden of our realm;
Aided by those firm pillars and champions
Of our church, York, Durham, Lincoln: and may
Your noble hearts, on goodly wisdom bent,
Our laws dispense to our whole realm's content.

Philippa. Sire, with all due reverence and grace,
We, your Queen, your consort, and your subject,
Humbly approach, and our poor greetings give,
For this your love and clemency; anxious,
As far as feeble woman can, for this
Our common weal, to do your high behests.
If, then, as your poor substitute, we, your
Warden, your wise laws duly administer—
Reward the good, the licentious curb,
Your public charities support—then will
Your Queen her best energies call forth! and
Let not a weak woman (before your Grace—
A warrior in the field) a vain braggart
Prove; but should the lean, wary Scot, leaving
His brown barren heath, once pass the border,
To batten on our land, then will your Queen
Be there; like Jane of Mountfort lace on bright
Stays of steel,* and, in the tented field, proud
Scotland's King defy! and now, my royal
Liege, must we, then, say farewell; yes, from our
Heart's core, in its full scope and essence, we
Say farewell: and to thee, Edward, our first
Born, who a stripling art, unused to deeds
Of war, oh! in the glorious battle-field,
Let not thy soaring mind urge thee too far,
But call, my son, sweet prudence to thy aid;

* See the memoir of this celebrated woman.

Rein in the steeds of mad ambition's car.*
My Liege! my son! go, prosper; rememb'ring,
What frail man in vain glory may propose,
'Tis heaven rewards the good—the righteous cause.

K. Edw. Must we, fair dames, then, bid a long adieu!
No, one look more; to the balc'ny then fly;
There will you see our gallant knights pass by;(12)
Your kerchiefs wave, your beauteous arms extend,
For glory—vict'ry—your graceful bodies—bend.

The scene changes to a Garden of the Palace. The Princess Joan enters, followed by her cousin, the Prince.

P. Wales. My dearest Joan, well met; I've followed thee
Thro' all the labyrinths of this ancient court;
I come to kiss thy gentle hand, and say
Farewell.

Princess. Oh, Edward, why leave us! if bent
On war, why seek it on the shores of France,
When the sly Scot on the border hovers,

* Philippa seems here to have had in view the story of Phaeton, where the poet, inimitable in his descriptions, describes the horses of the sun:—

"Interea volucres Pyroeis eous et Ethon,
Solisque equi quartusque Phlegon hinitibus auras
Flammiferis implent pedibusque repagula pulsant."

Thy father's absence watching, his barbarous
Clans to pour on our deserted land.

P. Wales. Raise not, I pray thee, coz, a conflict here,
Stronger than that which now elates my soul!
Thou would'st not rob me of this chance of fame;
An opening there is, a bold path 'fore me,
May lead to never fading glory; this
Past, the rich golden boon's lost for ever.

Princess. Edward, I submit; thy fame my fame be!
Thy honour my honour, thy glory mine!
Go! may bounteous heaven all thy footsteps guard,
Thy life preserve, thy noble deeds reward.

[*They part.*

SCENE V.

THE HIGH STREET, WESTMINSTER.

A Concourse of People, a group of all sorts, Citizens, Constables, &c.—The windows and balconies crowded with Ladies.

1st Cit. You have come to see the sight, friend—so our young Prince is going to the wars?

2d Cit. Aye, surely! he's a fine young royal bird; will flap his golden wings, and crow as well as any of them.

1st Cit. He's too modest to crow much; but he'll break some of their french heads, I'll warrant him.

2d Cit. The good Queen, in parting, showed a noble spirit, they say.

1st Cit. Yes, she's to watch the Scot, who is already lurking on the border.

2d Cit. Aye, that's the game between him and the French King; as soon as our King crosses the water, out pounces the Scot,[14] with all his hordes, eating, burning, destroying.

1st. Cit. But if King David take the field, he may stand a chance of getting into coop, and tune his harp in a prison.

Constable. Out upon thee, impious knave! railest thou at holy David so? [*He beats him.*

1st Cit. I meant the Scotch King, stupid varlet; thou hast shivered thy staff, however.

Constable. Stand back, keep back, you ghastly knaves; you, indeed, talk of kings and queens: now, by Sir *Nob*, I've only one quarter-staff left: their heads are of granite.

2d Cit. Well, here they come: hark! the drum, the trumpet, the fife, the mellow lute, with all the pomp and pageantry of war.

Here the Procession appears.

1*st.* A body of Welch and Irish, armed with long knives; brown cloaths; cap and feather.

2*d.* A body of Men-at-arms, their Knight armed cap-a-pie; Armour Bearer with Standard; Esquire in the centre.

3*d.* A body of Archers, their Captain dressed in green; cap and white feathers.

4*th.* A body of Crossbowmen, with their Captain; cap and red feathers.

5*th.* A body of Esquires, armed cap-a-pie.

6*th.* Knights Bachelors, Sir John Chandos at their head.

7*th.* Knights Bannerets, Lord Basset at their head.

8*th.* The Barons, Lord Mortimer at their head.

9*th.* The Earls, Earl Northampton at their head.

10*th.* The Prince of Wales, in black armour, armed cap-a-pie; but not using the cap with the plume of ostrich feathers now, which is not to be worn until after the fall of the King of Bohemia, in the 5th Act.

Lastly. The King, in splendid armour, armed cap-a-pie, with a golden battle-axe in his hand, preceded by Earl Arundel, his Constable; Earl Harcourt on his right.

1*st Cit.* Bravo! bravo! the young Prince: how nobly he sits his horse: bless his bright eagle eyes! the Prince! the young lion for ever!

2d Cit. And here's our noble King—our tried hero: there he is, noble, gallant Edward! The King—our hero! our lawgiver!—the King for ever!

END OF ACT II.

ACT III. SCENE I.

THE PALACE OF THE LOUVRE.

A Council Room—King Philippe and his Secretary, Armand.

A Gentleman Usher enters.

Usher. An officer, Sire, of rank, Chevalier De Leon, requests an audience.

K. Philippe. Henry De Leon!
How's this? he's prisoner in England!

De Leon enters—Armand withdraws.

My gallant Captain, this visit's not more
Sudden than kindly welcome; but chang'd
You are; you're indisposed, De Leon!

De Leon. De Clisson!
Where's he? can you restore him, Sire!

K. Philippe. But how hast thou got thy freedom?
Edward we thought inexorable.

De Leon. No, a right royal clemency
He shewed us all; my sword returned, my

Prison-gate unlocked; nobly accoutred
Sent us to the coast.

K. Philippe. Indeed!

Thou seemest enamoured of this wondrous king:
Required he no conditions—no kind
Promises—for this royal clemency?

De Leon. I've fought and bled in all your battles, Sire;
Away with vile suspicion; it corrodes
The soul! Yes, one condition—I'd take
Your Grace a message.

K. Philippe. To me, forsooth!
What was the precious boon?

De Leon. His defiance!

K. Philippe. And thro' thee, De Leon!
What cause gave he for breaking a compact
He swore solemnly to keep 'fore the Pope's
Legates?

De Leon. If Edward's allegation's true,
No Pope or other earthly power could
It's fair sanction give to a truce thus
Violated—pure blood, unjustly shed!

K. Philippe. Indeed! speak out, vain man;
Thinkest thou we fear what Edward, or thou,
His weak proselyte, can allege 'gainst us?

De Leon. Speak out, indeed! his defiance was this—
(With a proud carriage, even in prince

I never saw before.) Tell King Philippe,
By the death of these brave men, his sceptre's
Tarnished, the sword of justice broken,
The royal ermine sullied, the kingly
Office degraded, our truce is ended,
And we defy him!

K. Philippe. Rank rodomontade!
A silly empty climax—a stringing
Of vain words, as thy mother strings her beads.

De Leon. The message, as sent, I report withal,
The words I meant to qualify; my troth
To Edward's now faithfully performed.

K. Philippe. Thou mean'st to qualify! troth to Edward!
For the block thou art qualified! Away
To England, with Harcourt and other
Traitors dwell.

De Leon. You dare not send me
To the block, King Philippe! I'm as a poor
Blasted tree, on the wild barren heath; my
Blood, fast ebbing " to its last citadel,
The heart," not worth thy shedding; and of pure
Noble blood enough, methinks, thou hast shed
Already: but before I take my leave
For ever, let me one solemn question
Ask, (my friend he was, in my heart's core lived,

If thou, a king, canst tell what friendship means,)
Why, in cold blood, you took De Clisson's life?
Show me fair proofs of guilt, I'll hide my face
In shame.

K. Philippe. And darest thou, proud haughty man,
Thy liege interrogate? rashly demand
Why the false reckless traitor died? Think'st thou
We bend the knee—to a low tribunal
Bow, of thy creating; matters of high
State policy to thee disclose, our proofs
Show thee, forsooth; away to England's false,
Treach'rous shore!

De Leon. De Clisson was no traitor! In your
Whole realm loyalty had not its fellow;
Pure was he, heart and soul, nor in bright steel
E'er shone a nobler knight, to vindicate
Your honor in the doubtful field: my friend
Has been betrayed, your royal ear abused,
Or you could not, for very shame, have shed
Such blood as his, who, in the crimson field,
So freely bled for you.[15] Now my earthly
Pilgrimage is o'er! thus far, at friendship's
Pure holy shrine, this last vain offering!
But a time will soon arrive, King Philippe,
When to a high tribunal you must bend
Your stately knee; when this mysterious

Curtain shall be drawn aside, all eyes see,
And stripped of your earthly crown, on equal
Terms you'll meet De Clisson face to face.

[*Exit De Leon.*

K. Philippe. His friend betrayed! my royal ear abused!
Is't possible Antoine de la Croise could
Traitor prove! (16) Set a lime-twig for his lord—
His benefactor!—A thousand fears now
Rush wildly thro' this bewildered brain.
Oh, de Clisson! can base treachery have
Destroyed thee! Wert thou then faithful?—the thought's
Madness!*—But the foe's at our gates! of this
Hereafter. Armand!

Armand enters.

Our council summon
Instantly; couriers prepare for speedy
Service; the leopard from his lair's broken,
And hovers on our coast; quick messengers
For Scotland prepare; our council we'll meet
At midnight, Armand.

The Scene closes.

* The last act of De Clisson's was at the siege of Vannes, where he and De Leon were made prisoners, fighting their sovereign's battle.

SCENE II.

THE COAST OF CORNWALL—A STORM—MOONLIGHT.

As the day breaks, Ships are seen faintly in the distance, passing Cliffs, and enter a small Bay or Creek.

The King and Prince enter from the Rocks.

K. Edw. Well, Edward, thou art safe—a fearful night
It's been; the pale moon, as if from its firm
Moorings broken, [17] yet in awful grandeur,
Flits wildly through a sea of thick misty
Vapour, an emblem of ourselves, and
Hapless plight! Thus is ambition curbed!

P. Wales. The day, Sire, begins to dawn; the sun's all
Kindly influence these dark vapours, both
In us and in the air, will soon dispel;
Let's hope our gallant friends are safe.

Lord Harcourt enters.

K. Edw. Harcourt,
Welcome; how fare our comrades?

Thy father's absence watching, his barbarous
Clans to pour on our deserted land.

P. Wales. Raise not, I pray thee, coz, a conflict here,
Stronger than that which now elates my soul!
Thou would'st not rob me of this chance of fame;
An opening there is, a bold path 'fore me,
May lead to never fading glory; this
Past, the rich golden boon's lost for ever.

Princess. Edward, I submit; thy fame my fame be!
Thy honour my honour, thy glory mine!
Go! may bounteous heaven all thy footsteps guard,
Thy life preserve, thy noble deeds reward.

[*They part.*

SCENE V.

THE HIGH STREET, WESTMINSTER.

A Concourse of People, a group of all sorts, Citizens, Constables, &c.—The windows and balconies crowded with Ladies.

1*st Cit.* You have come to see the sight, friend—so our young Prince is going to the wars?

2*d Cit.* Aye, surely! he's a fine young royal bird; will flap his golden wings, and crow as well as any of them.

1*st Cit.* He's too modest to crow much; but he'll break some of their french heads, I'll warrant him.

2*d Cit.* The good Queen, in parting, showed a noble spirit, they say.

1*st Cit.* Yes, she's to watch the Scot, who is already lurking on the border.

2*d Cit.* Aye, that's the game between him and the French King; as soon as our King crosses the water, out pounces the Scot,[14] with all his hordes, eating, burning, destroying.

1*st. Cit.* But if King David take the field, he may stand a chance of getting into coop, and tune his harp in a prison.

Constable. Out upon thee, impious knave! railest thou at holy David so? [*He beats him.*

1*st Cit.* I meant the Scotch King, stupid varlet; thou hast shivered thy staff, however.

Constable. Stand back, keep back, you ghastly knaves; you, indeed, talk of kings and queens: now, by Sir *Nob*, I've only one quarter-staff left: their heads are of granite.

2*d Cit.* Well, here they come: hark! the drum, the trumpet, the fife, the mellow lute, with all the pomp and pageantry of war.

Here the Procession appears.

1*st.* A body of Welch and Irish, armed with long knives; brown cloaths; cap and feather.

2*d.* A body of Men-at-arms, their Knight armed cap-a-pie; Armour Bearer with Standard; Esquire in the centre.

3*d.* A body of Archers, their Captain dressed in green; cap and white feathers.

4*th.* A body of Crossbowmen, with their Captain; cap and red feathers.

5*th.* A body of Esquires, armed cap-a-pie.

6*th.* Knights Bachelors, Sir John Chandos at their head.

7*th.* Knights Bannerets, Lord Basset at their head.

8*th.* The Barons, Lord Mortimer at their head.

9*th.* The Earls, Earl Northampton at their head.

10*th.* The Prince of Wales, in black armour, armed cap-a-pie; but not using the cap with the plume of ostrich feathers now, which is not to be worn until after the fall of the King of Bohemia, in the 5th Act.

Lastly. The King, in splendid armour, armed cap-a-pie, with a golden battle-axe in his hand, preceded by Earl Arundel, his Constable; Earl Harcourt on his right.

1*st Cit.* Bravo! bravo! the young Prince: how nobly he sits his horse: bless his bright eagle eyes! the Prince! the young lion for ever!

2d Cit. And here's our noble King—our tried hero: there he is, noble, gallant Edward! The King—our hero! our lawgiver!—the King for ever!

END OF ACT II.

ACT III. SCENE I.

THE PALACE OF THE LOUVRE.

A Council Room—King Philippe and his Secretary, Armand.

A Gentleman Usher enters.

Usher. An officer, Sire, of rank, Chevalier De Leon, requests an audience.

K. Philippe. Henry De Leon!
How's this? he's prisoner in England!

De Leon enters—Armand withdraws.

My gallant Captain, this visit's not more
Sudden than kindly welcome; but chang'd
You are; you're indisposed, De Leon!

De Leon. De Clisson!
Where's he? can you restore him, Sire!

K. Philippe. But how hast thou got thy freedom?
Edward we thought inexorable.

De Leon. No, a right royal clemency
He shewed us all; my sword returned, my

Prison-gate unlocked; nobly accoutred
Sent us to the coast.

K. Philippe. Indeed!

Thou seemest enamoured of this wondrous king:
Required he no conditions—no kind
Promises—for this royal clemency?

De Leon. I've fought and bled in all your battles, Sire;
Away with vile suspicion; it corrodes
The soul! Yes, one condition—I'd take
Your Grace a message.

K. Philippe. To me, forsooth!
What was the precious boon?

De Leon. His defiance!

K. Philippe. And thro' thee, De Leon!
What cause gave he for breaking a compact
He swore solemnly to keep 'fore the Pope's
Legates?

De Leon. If Edward's allegation's true,
No Pope or other earthly power could
It's fair sanction give to a truce thus
Violated—pure blood, unjustly shed!

K. Philippe. Indeed! speak out, vain man;
Thinkest thou we fear what Edward, or thou,
His weak proselyte, can allege 'gainst us?

De Leon. Speak out, indeed! his defiance was this—
(With a proud carriage, even in prince

I never saw before.) Tell King Philippe,
By the death of these brave men, his sceptre's
Tarnished, the sword of justice broken,
The royal ermine sullied, the kingly
Office degraded, our truce is ended,
And we defy him!

K. Philippe. Rank rodomontade!
A silly empty climax—a stringing
Of vain words, as thy mother strings her beads.

De Leon. The message, as sent, I report withal,
The words I meant to qualify; my troth
To Edward's now faithfully performed.

K. Philippe. Thou mean'st to qualify! troth to Edward!
For the block thou art qualified! Away
To England, with Harcourt and other
Traitors dwell.

De Leon. You dare not send me
To the block, King Philippe! I'm as a poor
Blasted tree, on the wild barren heath; my
Blood, fast ebbing " to its last citadel,
The heart," not worth thy shedding; and of pure
Noble blood enough, methinks, thou hast shed
Already: but before I take my leave
For ever, let me one solemn question
Ask, (my friend he was, in my heart's core lived,

If thou, a king, canst tell what friendship means,)
Why, in cold blood, you took De Clisson's life?
Show me fair proofs of guilt, I'll hide my face
In shame.

K. Philippe. And darest thou, proud haughty man,
Thy liege interrogate? rashly demand
Why the false reckless traitor died? Think'st thou
We bend the knee—to a low tribunal
Bow, of thy creating; matters of high
State policy to thee disclose, our proofs
Show thee, forsooth; away to England's false,
Treach'rous shore!

De Leon. De Clisson was no traitor! In your
Whole realm loyalty had not its fellow;
Pure was he, heart and soul, nor in bright steel
E'er shone a nobler knight, to vindicate
Your honor in the doubtful field: my friend
Has been betrayed, your royal ear abused,
Or you could not, for very shame, have shed
Such blood as his, who, in the crimson field,
So freely bled for you.[15] Now my earthly
Pilgrimage is o'er! thus far, at friendship's
Pure holy shrine, this last vain offering!
But a time will soon arrive, King Philippe,
When to a high tribunal you must bend
Your stately knee; when this mysterious

Curtain shall be drawn aside, all eyes see,
And stripped of your earthly crown, on equal
Terms you'll meet De Clisson face to face.

[*Exit De Leon.*

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Is't possible Antoine de la Croise could
Traitor prove! (16) Set a lime-twig for his lord—
His benefactor!—A thousand fears now
Rush wildly thro' this bewildered brain.
Oh, de Clisson! can base treachery have
Destroyed thee! Wert thou then faithful?—the thought's
Madness!*—But the foe's at our gates! of this
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Armand enters.

Our council summon
Instantly; couriers prepare for speedy
Service; the leopard from his lair's broken,
And hovers on our coast; quick messengers
For Scotland prepare; our council we'll meet
At midnight, Armand.

The Scene closes.

* The last act of De Clisson's was at the siege of Vannes, where he and De Leon were made prisoners, fighting their sovereign's battle.

Rein in the steeds of mad ambition's car.*
My Liege! my son! go, prosper; rememb'ring,
What frail man in vain glory may propose,
'Tis heaven rewards the good—the righteous cause.

K. Edw. Must we, fair dames, then, bid a long adieu!
No, one look more; to the balc'ny then fly;
There will you see our gallant knights pass by;[12]
Your kerchiefs wave, your beauteous arms extend,
For glory—vict'ry—your graceful bodies—bend.

The scene changes to a Garden of the Palace. The Princess Joan enters, followed by her cousin, the Prince.

P. Wales. My dearest Joan, well met; I've followed thee
Thro' all the labyrinths of this ancient court;
I come to kiss thy gentle hand, and say
Farewell.

Princess. Oh, Edward, why leave us! if bent
On war, why seek it on the shores of France,
When the sly Scot on the border hovers,

* Philippa seems here to have had in view the story of Phaeton, where the poet, inimitable in his descriptions, describes the horses of the sun:—

"Interea volucres Pyroeis eous et Ethon,
Solisque equi quartusque Phlegon hinitibus auras
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END OF ACT II.

SCENE III.

THE PLAINS OF ST. DENYS.

A Camp in the distance; the Spires of the Cathedral. A Pavilion, the Royal Standard of France, with "Fleur-des-lys" and "St. Denys" visible. The King enters from his tent, reading a despatch. Earls D'Alençon and Moyne approach, and salute him.

A Courier enters.

K. Philippe. What, another! like the serpent's heads they rise,
And methinks are full as hideous: what news
Bring'st thou?

Courier. It grieves me to be the harbinger
Of ill news; but at sun-rise this morn, Sire,
Near Pontoise, an English force beset us,
The guard assailed, the river passed, spreading
Alarm around; from the hills above, their
With'ring track we traced, and in the distance
Saw the holy abbey of St. Messene
In one general blaze of lurid fire.

D'Alençon. This vandal, nor the laws of heav'n nor man

Prison-gate unlocked; nobly accoutred
Sent us to the coast.

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Thou seemest enamoured of this wondrous king:
Required he no conditions—no kind
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1*st Cit.* Bravo! bravo! the young Prince: how nobly he sits his horse: bless his bright eagle eyes! the Prince! the young lion for ever!

Sentinel. A smart youth, sir;
A kind of stripling, dressed in green, some half
Hour since, at a short distance passed.

Lord B. Should such a youth approach, shew him my tent.

Theodore enters—a Youth dressed in green, black hat and feathers.

Theodore. Know'st thou, good sentinel, Lord Basset?

Sentinel. That's his tent, friend; inquiry he made
Even now for such a youth—thou mayest
Enter.

Theodore. A stranger, unused to camps,
Wilt thou inform my lord, one from Poix
Inquires for him.

Sentinel. A stranger, indeed,
To camps thou art, or wouldst have known my post
I could not leave; but here Lord Basset comes.

Lord B. You are from Poix, young man?

Theodore. Yes, Sir, but last from Corbie.

Lord B. Is the Lady Poix well?
Has she recovered from her fright?

Theodore. Not quite so, my Lord.

Lord B. You are too young
And slender for a soldier; to offend

Not, neither seem you over bold; but 'tis
A trusty youth I want, you may better
Suit, perhaps, than one robust and strong;
The more, as your kind lady sent you.

Theodore. You've been badly wounded, sir; permit me
This bandage to unloose, and dress your arm.

Lord B. Touch not the bandage, or that knot untie,
No more than thou would'st the true knot of love;
'Twas twisted by fairer fingers than thine,
Young boy. [*A trumpet sounds.*
What alarms thee! that trumpet calls us
To the field, to strike our tents and march.
Know you Earl Poix?

Theodore. O yes, my Lord, right well.

Lord B. Now, while time serves,
Let me warn thee, boy; if in the battle
His banner thou shouldst spy, instantly
The Earl point out, his sacred person
I may shield; thou, too, feeble as thou art,
If need serve, thy slender aid must lend.

Theodore. Oh, heaven bless you!

Lord B. Why so exclamatory?
He's not thy father, boy! further, if my
Lot it be to fall, encircled next my heart
This sacred scarf unfold; in it a pure
Gem thou'lt find; both to thy fair lady take,

And tell her, tho' short my suit, her true love
I died. [*A second trumpet sounds.*
Thou tremblest, boy; what would thy fair lady,
A brave heroine, say? for shame, buckle on
Thy sword and belt, learn to charge and fight—what,
Art thou faint already?
[*Theodore leans against the tent.*

An Officer enters.

Officer. My Lord, the Prince his kind greeting sends.
At the outskirts of the camp, a litter
Waits you; he thought 'twould better suit your wound
Thus to travel.

Lord B. The Prince is ever kind.
Instantly we'll join you; this boy's a young
Soldier.

Officer. Better fitted for the litter than you,
My Lord.

The Scene changes.

SCENE VIII.

THE PASSAGE OF THE SOMME.

A view of the River Somme—the Army in full march, the King, Prince, and Officers, preceded by Agace—the King, in complete Armour, armed with a Battle Axe. On the opposite side of the River, a Column of the Enemy—a Knight, Sir Godemar du Fay, in Armour, is seen conspicuously at the head of his Troops.

Agace. Near the wood below, great Prince, the fair ford,
"Blanche Taque," you'll find; this passage will lead you
To the spot; the tide serves well, for now low
Ebb it is.

K. Edw. Agace, farewell, our thanks receive;
Here's the reward thou so well deserves—nay,
Thou shalt have the palfrey too.

[*Agace offers to dismount.*

Warwick. Sire, the ford's defended by a mighty force.

K. Edw. The more our glory; "who loves me follows me:"

On, comrades, on; forward, my gallant mates;[29]
Time, they say, and tide, for none ever waits.[30]

The King here dashes into the River first, followed by the Prince and Officers. They are seen in fierce combat with the Enemy in the River. The King and Prince having gained the opposite side, the Scene closes.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V. SCENE I.

THE FIELD OF CRECY.

The King, on his march, enters with the Prince, Lords, Marshal, Earl, Constable, and Officers.

K. Edw. No, Warwick—'till we've seen our deadly foe—
Measur'd swords—one inch more we budge not:—here,
On the highest hill, as a proud beacon,
England's bold banner wave—hail King Philippe
To the fight, even on this 'ventful field
Of Crecy!

A pause.

In this park, skirted by thick woods,*[31]
Our horses place, our baggage, and all such
Implements of war as in the battle

* This arrangement of the field of battle and division of the army is strictly historical.

Might impede us; let fifty bold archers,
With eighty men of arms, the passage guard:

A pause.

And flank our field of battle on each side,
And in the rear, with a deep and spacious
Fosse——

A pause.

In three columns divide our little force;
Let the Prince, our son, with you our Marshals,
The first command; our noble Constable,
Arundel, with brave Northampton's Earl,
The second; these divisions post each side
The hill, and at such easy distance, one,
In case of need, may aid the other:
The third column in person we'll command,
Taking our station near the windmill;
And in the centre, with his proud banner
And gay pennons flying, let each brave knight
To the field advance—and Heaven defend the right!

Sir John Chandos enters.

Chandos. My Liege, 'fore sun-rise this morn, Philippe
De Valois, with some hundred thousand men,

Marched from the town of Abbeville; sending
Forward, on swift steeds, four gay cavaliers
Our field to reconnoitre;[32] our trusty scouts
Have dogged them all the way; and see, even
Now, the outskirts of the wood they rise——

[*These Knights are seen on the skirts of the wood.*

Warwick. —— Sire, please you a troop of horse
I'll head,
And of those same high gallants their errand
Learn——

K. Edw. No, Warwick. Let Philippe his
whole force,
Horse and foot, his hireling princes, knights, 'squires,
Come see our battle field—the calm courage
Of our men; are they not welcome, "old sprig
Of chivalry!"* one of those knights must be
The gallant Moyne, of Bastleburgh, his noble
Form I know; a more valiant knight there's not
In Christendom: here, Chandos, with helmet
Off, white flag in hand, to show how peaceable
Thou art, with our kind greetings, this billet
Take to Lord Moyne.

[*The King speaks this playfully, as he writes the billet.*

* A name said to have been given by Edward to Beauchamp, the old Earl of Warwick.

Chandos reads.

Philippe de Valois! Edward of England
Awaits to salute thee on the 'ventful
Field of Crecy! His little gallant force,
In three divisions, are posted near
The windmill.

Harcourt. Glorious King! your brave English heart
Thirty thousand heroes will call up this day,
And with couch'd spears, their shining helmets on,
Like vast pyramid of brass, your sacred
Person shield!——

K. Edw. Let not vanity assail us now!—
But to Heaven's behests lowly let us bow;
Ourself, the Prince, all—high and low degree,
A blessing beg in true humility;[33]
This rite performed, at the hour of ten
We'll kindly greet our loving countrymen.

[*Exeunt—Solemn music.*

SCENE II.

THE FRENCH FIELD, NEAR ABBEVILLE.

An Encampment. The King of France, D'Alençon, and officers; the usual military music; to them enter Earl Moyne and other Knights.

E. Moyne. My Liege! some three or four leagues hence,
On the plains near Crecy, the foe's intrench'd,
In three fair columns, nobly arrayed;
Perceiving us, with all due courtesy,
A graceful knight he sent to greet us, and
Present this billet to your grace.

The King reads.

Philippe de Valois! Edward of England
Awaits to salute thee on the 'ventful
Field of Crecy! His little gallant force,
In three divisions, is posted near
The windmill. [*The King throws it away.*
Blows, not words, for us—on, brave Lords!

D'Alençon. Now will we bay the leopard in his den.
The Genoese cross-bows quickly move in front.

The Scene changes.

SCENE III.

THE FIELD OF CRECY.

The English army is seen reclining on the grass. The King approaches, mounted on a small palfrey, with a white wand in his hand. The army arises, and falls into three divisions; the King, his Marshals (one on each side), rides at a foot pace, saluting and encouraging his men. The Black Prince is seen conspicuously at the head of his division. Earls Arundel and Northampton at the head of theirs. The King then takes his station in front, and addresses his army in a declamatory speech, first to his troops generally, then shortly to the different classes which compose it.

K. Edw. My comrades! brave companions of our arms,[34]
Your king, your friend, your father salutes you!
You, who, from our landing at Cape la Hogue
To this memorable field of Crecy,
Have seen the red-stained car of victory
In one undeviating course move on,
Unclogged, unsullied, and unbroken!
Need we remind you of your deeds of arms

At Harfleur, Cherbourgh, Mountebourgh, Carentan?
Your splendid victory in the town of Caen?
Your bold combat with the men of Amiens?
Or your last grand achievement, the passage
Of the Somme, where that noted chief, "Du Fay,"
With twelve thousand men, strongly intrenched,
Was put to inglorious flight? Yes, comrades,
With gratitude we hail these brilliant deeds
Of arms, these grand memorials of your
Constancy, this rooted firm devotion
To your king! One noble effort more, and
From his tott'ring throne the usurper falls!
Yes! on these fair plains of Crecy let's put
The glorious seal to all our conquests. Here
Be all life, all spirit, soul, and action!
Our wives, our children, our country, this last
Sacrifice demand. Here your Prince and King
A solemn league have made, to conquer or to die;
And never from the field will son or father fly.

[*A general salute.*

The King pauses, then addresses the several classes of his Army.

My men of arms! whose hearts of English oak,
Ne'er turned your back upon a sullen foe:
My archers gay! heirs of those green-clad youths,
Whose unerring shafts on Sherwood's shady plain

Ne'er missed the fattest of the fleet antler tribe:
My faithful Welch! with your young belted Prince:
[*Pointing to the Black Prince.*
And you, our noble Peers! your graceful forms
In steel—your hearts in true honor cased—
On each we call (and humbly imploring
Heaven's kind watchful eye) our sacred cause
To guard, our just rights protect.
[*Another general salute.*

Lord Basset enters hastily, Theodore following, in full dress, as a soldier.

Lord B. The foe, my Liege, comes on apace;
The Genoese cross-bows move in front.
K. Edw. Let them come on, we're ready!
Beauchamp, do you this emblem of England's
Glory take;* what a stake you hold! oh guard
It sir! your own, the army's, your king and
Country's honor is in your keeping!
Beauchamp. 'Tis a glorious, but a heavy charge.
My blood, Sire, on its safety!
K. Edw. Now, archers, move in front; our soldiers' noble cry
Be, England and St. George, St. George and Victory!

* The King presents the great standard of England to Lord John Beauchamp, supposed to have been the eldest son of the Earl of Warwick.

The King here departs, and takes his station near the Windmill, to direct the Battle.

The Battle.

The Battle commences—the Genoese cross-bowmen move forward. The Black Prince is seen conspicuously, with a battle-axe, in fierce combat—the battle becomes indiscriminate. Towards the close of the scene the Genoese cross-bows are seen flying, Earl D'Alençon attempting to keep them in line.

The Scene then changes to the King's station at the Windmill, where he remains directing the Battle.

SCENE IV.

The King and Chandos.

K. Edw. Tell Warwick to close in his line, his
Archers keep in front; that in the faces
Of the foe their arrows fly like hail. Tell
Harcourt to beat down Earl Flanders' banner—
The Prince, Alençon's, (whose troops even now
Move round our range of archers.) Speed thee, good
Chandos!

Sir Thomas Norwich enters.

Well, Norwich, you seem in haste—What news?
Time flies, be quick!

Norwich. Some bands, Sire, of Germans, French, and Sav'yards
Through our first line of archers have broken;
"The Prince's division 's sorely pressed;"
Your brave Marshals timely aid require.

K. Edw. The Prince, sir! Is my son wounded, unhorsed,
Dead?

Norwich. Oh, not so, my Liege; at my departure
The bold youth, in the thickest of the foe
Was dealing out the heavy strokes of death.

K. Edw. Hastily return—tell my gallant friends
The time for succour is not, may not come:
That, if it so please God, all the honor
Of this day, all its glory, to the Prince
And them be given! Moreover, tell my boy
"To win his spurs!" (35)

SCENE V.

ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD.

The King of Bohemia, John of Luxembourg (blind), wearing a cap and plume of ostrich feathers, with the motto "Ich Dien" on a white satin scroll in golden letters—the Earl of Moyne, Lord Noyers, Lord Beauviene, and Lord D'Aubigny, his attendant Knights.*

Luxembourgh. Hark, the battle![36] Oh for those glorious days,
When to these lost eyes, the all kindly sun
On the helmets of the foe shone in one
Pure blaze of burnish'd gold; and returning
From the field, the car of victory, with
Its massive golden wheels, slowly moved on
In solemn grandeur; whilst the sage warrior,
Bending from his car, with high laurel'd brow,
His proud measur'd smiles dol'd out, to the loud
Hoarse greetings of the million; are these
Bright days of glory then for ever gone!

* This Prince became blind from the effects of poison, administered to him in one of his campaigns in Spain.

Nothing left, but one long sad cheerless night.
No, brave warriors! friends of our early youth,
All is not lost! the calm still tranquil mind
In adverse—firm—in prosperous state—serene—
Unvanquished yet remains; to the thickest
Of the foe then lead on, that sword in hand,
In honor's bright but chequered field, John
Of Luxembourgh gloriously may die!——

E. Moyne. Your fate and ours, kind gracious liege,
In one indissoluble bond united
Are, in victory or in death; then let us
To the charge lead on, our cry be "Ich dien,"
"Ich dien"——victory or death——

[*They rush into the battle.*

SCENE VI.

THE SCENE CHANGES TO ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD.

Alarms and excursions.

Enter Lord Basset and Theodore.

Lord B. Thou art faint, Theodore, here rest awhile;
With the cool stream refresh thee, thy casque take,
Water bring me too, my thirst to slake.

Earl Poix enters.

E. Poix. What, another! by thy bearing of some
Degree; thou seems worthy of my sword.

Lord B. Thy courtesy we return, Sir Knight,
Thy mettle soon we'll try.——

They fight, Earl Poix is stricken on his knees.

Lord B. Rise! I strike not a fallen man!
E. Poix. A noble foe thou art——

They fight again, Earl Poix is disarmed.

At this moment Theodore approaches Lord Bassset with the water.

Theodore. Oh, mercy, mercy! save him, 'tis Earl Poix!
My father!

She throws herself between them, and discovers herself.

E. Poix. Eloise! I'm lost, bewildered—how's this?
Whence camest thou?——

She faints. Her father bends over her.

Art thou, indeed, my child, my Eloise?
Or, rather wert thou once that child!——
[*In anguish.*

Lord B. This is no place, Sir, Knight, for parley.
Thus far, the fair being thou calls daughter,
Is all purity; to thee, of life,
The bright angel!——

E. Poix. Thy prisoner, in thy power I am!
In cool blood, when free, a severe account
Thou must render; if not to me——
Elsewhere.——

Lord B. Free art thou now! thy feelings I ven'rate;
Be patient, satisfied thou soon shalt be.——

L. E. Poix. Oh, Sire, my deliverer he is!
Of my honor, of yours, the bold champion;
Of my life, of yours, the kind guardian!

The Scene closes.

SCENE VII.

ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD.

The Duke of Luxembourgh.

Luxembourgh. Forward—on—further yet, comrades—
Oh!*
Where's Lord Charles, my son?

The Black Prince enters.

Black Prince. Save him, you ruthless men—
Helpless he is, and blind! Bohemia's
Noble King, great Luxembourgh! Edward comes
Too late to save thee—alas, thou diest!

* Here he is mortally wounded. He inquired immediately for his son.

Luxembourgh. What silvery tongue's that, which, like an angel's,
My fleeting senses stay; the thick mists of death
Gather round, and, like a curtain, would fain
Shut out all that's vain and mortal; art thou
Lord Charles, my son?

B. Prince. No, brave warrior, the Prince of Wales—Edward,
Once thy enemy, who now laments thee.

Luxembourgh. Oh, thou fair child of fortune and of fame;
In mercy, war, and honor the champion!
Thou, in whom the sweet blossom and goodly
Fruit at once appear; the last blessing take
Of dying Luxembourgh. Oh, tell my son,
Like thee——[37] [*He dies.*

B. Prince. Are these, then, the poor remains,
This the fading, venerable shell, that
Once locked up the mighty soul of all-
Aspiring Luxembourgh! honorable
In life, in thy death glorious, endless
Shall be thy fame! not as a vain trophy,
But with pure hallowed hands, this cap and plume
I take, and with its holy motto[38] will
Wear (as my successors shall) of thy rare
Virtues an undying memorial!——

SCENE VIII.

THE SCENE CHANGES TO ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD.

D'Alençon enters.

D'Alençon. Edward, Leopard of England,[89]
If in this blood-stain'd field thou dar'st support
Thy banner! Edward, I say, thou who didst
Homage to thy liege King Philippe; Alençon
Calls and dares thee to the battle!

The Black Prince enters.

B. Prince. Who on Edward
So fiercely calls! Here, at thy summons,
Edward, Prince of Wales, answers to his name.

D'Alençon. 'Twas on the King, thy father, not on thee,
Thou fair puny boy, D'Alençon called!
Thy pale young blood would hardly stain my sword;
But my prisoner art thou—yield thee, proud Prince!

B. Prince. Thy prisoner! knowest thou, to the powerful
And strong victory's not always sure; let me

Not boast, but, great warrior as thou art,
D'Alençon, to mortal combat Edward
Dares thee.

D'Alençon. Rash boy, my purpose was to save,
Not shed thy blood; by blind fate urged on,
Thy short hour too soon is come; thus the pale
Blossom dies, thus the fair fruit is lost——

B. Prince. In providence, not in fate, rest I my hope;
Defend thyself.——

They fight—D'Alençon attacks the Prince with his battle-axe; the Prince defends himself with his sword. The Prince evades the blows of his opponent by his quickness and spirit—D'Alençon stumbles, and in passing again the Prince pierces his armour, he staggers and falls—the Prince supports him, dying.

D'Alençon. Fair flower of England! Alençon's gone;
Now he knows, the battle's not to the strong!

[*He dies.*

The Prince, leaning on his sword, bends over him.

B. Prince. Great chief, in holy ground, at Montenay,*
Thy grave I'll wet with tears—deck with garlands gay!

* A monastery, near Crecy; some slight remains of the ruins are now visible.

Warwick enters.

Warwick. Prince, you're faint—What, Alençon at your feet!
Philippe's last hope he was; the battle's won,
And in the fair pages "of recording time,"
Transcendent will your bright star of glory shine.

B. Prince. If praises be my due, *hereafter* let
Them be! What news, brave Marshal, on the right?

Warwick. Flanders and Blois, Auxerre and Duke Lorraine
Are numbered with the dead, with whole masses
Of common men; *Death* himself, as the vile
Corvorant[40] insatiable, triumphant
Rides *Lord Marshal* thro' the ghastly field.

B. Prince. Oh 'tis pitiable to see
The horses' fetlocks dropping human gore;
Goodly knights without shrift expiring, their
Crimson shields their pillows—Now speed thee,
Warwick.—— [*Exit Warwick.*

A trumpet sounds.

But hark, what clarion's that—'tis De Valois!
On the hill's summit see his banners fly,
My prisoner art thou, or a corse am I! [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

THE SCENE CHANGES TO ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD.

The King of France is seen with Sir John Hainault, who urges him to fly.

K. Philippe. Hold me not, Hainault![41] What, of my honor
Rob me! 'tis all that now remains: death comes
But once, and never to me so welcome
As in this field of blood—here will I die!

At this moment the King's horse is killed by an arrow; he is quickly remounted by Sir John Hainault, who seizes his horse's bridle to force him off the field. The Black Prince enters, engages, and kills a Knight defending the King.

B. Prince. Philippe de Valois, usurper, stay.
In honor's sacred field thou art,
Thou canst not, thou darest not fly!
Shades of Percy and *De Clisson* rise!
Your blood-stained banners wave—Hail him
To the battle!

Here the Shades of these Heroes appear, and wave their banners. The King breaks from Sir John Hainault to engage the Prince, but perceiving these ideal spirits, he flies.

K. Philippe. Ha, De Clisson! Percy! Wave not
Your deadly banners here—avaunt!

[*He flies in despair.*

B. Prince. Some horsemen quickly to the right—
Ha—he 'scapes, but Heaven be praised
The glorious day is ours.

SCENE X.

THE SCENE CHANGES TO THE WINDMILL.

The King is seen at his station, with Lords Cobham and Stafford.

Sir John Chandos enters.

K. Edw. What tidings, Chandos?

Chandos. The battle, Sire, is won.

K. Edw. In all humility we bow!

[*The King kneels.*

My Lords, to you the sad office be,—

The number of the dead, to trace their rank
And station.

Warwick enters.

Warwick. Sir Thomas Holland and myself
This moment from the frightful field have come,
No enemy now remains; in one calm
Unbroken sleep, as if in mockery of vain
Human pride, together lie the lowly
And illustrious dead; in one common
Indiscriminate mass! Eighty banners,
Eleven princes, twelve hundred knights, with
Thirty thousand men[42] (O insatiate Death!)
Are the sad remains of this glorious,
Dreadful day.——

K. Edw. Oh, mad ambition—endless thy limits are!
But where's Edward, my gallant son?

Warwick. The Prince we passed, lamenting o'er the biers
Of Alençon and great Luxembourgh; next
To him, in mental agony, Harcourt,*

* Lord Harcourt's brother, Earl Harcourt, and Lord Aumerle, his son, were both killed at Crecy. The brothers were unfortunately opposed to each other. Lord Godfrey used every exertion to save his brother and nephew, but the carnage was so dreadful and indiscriminate, his efforts were ineffectual.

O'er the remains of his brother and
Aumerle, shedding unavailing tears.

K. Edw. For mercy's sake, no more! let our heralds
A three days truce proclaim for burial
Of the dead in all solemn honor. Now
Conduct me to the Prince.[42]

The Scene changes.

SCENE XI.

The Prince and Lord Harcourt are seen near the biers of Luxembourgh, Alençon, Earl Harcourt, and his son Lord Aumerle.

The King enters with his Nobles. A flourish of Trumpets. Lord John Beauchamp brings forward the Great Banner of England.

K. Edw. Noble Beauchamp!—my unsullied banner!

[*Here the Prince comes forward, and throws himself at the King's feet.*

P. Wales. My father!

The King raises and embraces him; and, much affected, addresses him.

K. Edw. How shall I address thee, Edward, my gallant son![34]

In honor's sacred cause a chaplet thou hast won,
Of bright unfading flowers, the with'ring hand of time,
Inexorable as he is, cannot destroy!
Worthy of empire art thou, " my brave noble boy!"
And when, in after days, in holy cloistered ground (44)
Our mouldering frames repose; our coffins black with age,
And vain memorials of this our earthly pride,
Our tattered banners fly, like cobwebs in the wind;
Then will the wise and great, in each succeeding age,
Pointing to good old England's grand historic page,
The fair field of Crecy hail, and the glorious name
Of Edward, the Black Prince, live in endless fame.

The whole concludes with a grand military funeral procession, and dirge.

THE END.

NOTES.

NOTES.

Note 1, Page 2.

But where's his Highness?

In early ages the titles of "Highness" and "Grace" only were given to kings. Ferdinand, King of Arragon, and his Queen Isabella, of Castile, had the title of Highness; so had Henry the Eighth; he then assumed that of "Majesty," which was given to him, or at least he was so addressed by Francis the First, in the celebrated interview in the field of the Cloth of Gold.

Note 2, P. 3.

If Arteville be dead,

James D'Arteville, a native of Ghent, who, of low origin, by various fortuitous events, attained first the high station of Governor; then became the tyrant of his country. This man was in strict alliance with Edward, who was a good judge of men, and of those who could serve him. D'Arteville was a useful instrument of the King's in his wars with France, and had always an army at his service. The tyranny of D'Arteville, particularly his last act, in attempting to disinherit the young Prince of Flanders, and of vesting the

Earldom of Flanders in Edward and his successors, caused a revolt in the city of Ghent, in which he was deservedly put to death.

NOTE 3, P. 3.

Affiance their young Prince

Edward, still desirous of having the same firm footing in Flanders after D'Arteville's death, proposed his daughter Isabel in marriage with the young Earl of Flanders; and the Earls of Northampton and Arundel were despatched to Flanders to form a treaty. This was agreeable to the people of Flanders; but the Prince had a rooted objection to the match, and resisted. His people were so much enraged, that they actually placed him in honorable confinement. To obtain his liberty, he pretended to acquiesce, and a day was appointed for the King and Queen of England to repair to and sojourn at the Abbey of Burgues with the fair Isabel; the Flemings agreeing to produce their young Prince. The meeting took place, the articles of marriage were agreed upon, the King and Queen made great preparations in jewels and ornaments for presents, and the day was fixed for the ceremony. The Prince, in the meantime, was meditating his escape. Being fond of field sports, he was permitted, in the company of proper persons, to go a hawking. His falconer cast off a falcon, the Prince another; he then rode off as if following his own falcon, and when at a good distance, having the advantage of the fields, he galloped away, never stopping until he got into Artois—from thence to Paris, to relate his adventures to King Philippe.—Since the above was written, the original contract of marriage between the young Prince of Flanders and Edward and his daughter, has been purchased by Mr. Thorpe, Bookseller, Bedford Street, Covent Garden. See a further account of this rare document in the Appendix.

Note 4, P. 3.

Who, in the dark prison of the Châtelet,

Tidings having reached Edward of Lord Clisson and many other Nobles having been beheaded in prison, he was so much enraged, that he purposed to serve Sir Henry De Leon, then his prisoner, in the same manner; but he was persuaded by his cousin, the Earl of Derby, "to appease his ire, and refrain from revenge," alleging that, though Philippe, in his wrath, had done so perfidious an act as to put to death such valiant knights, yet that the King ought not to be influenced by so bad an example, and sully "his own nobleness." The King, upon this, informed De Leon, that, for the love of his cousin Derby, who had interceded for him, he was willing to release him, on condition that he would go to his adversary, Philippe de Valois, and inform him, on account of his shameful conduct in putting to death such valiant knights in despite of him, he had thereby broken the truce, and that he defied him from that day forward. To which De Leon said he would accomplish his message to the best of his power; and prayed God to reward his Grace for the kindness he had shewn him.—*Froissart.*

Note 5, P. 4.

I never thought the hasty truce of Vannes

The King of England being in a state of blockade at Vannes, Pope Clement the Sixth sent the Cardinals of Preneste and Clermont to effect a peace. They succeeded so far as to make a truce for three years. Soon after the Lord De Clisson was exchanged for Lord Stafford; and De Clisson, upon some suspicion of treason, was arrested and

incarcerated in the prison of the Châtelet. No person knew on what charge, and he and De Percy, a Norman Lord, and several other persons of distinction, without any form of trial, suffered death on the scaffold, which occasioned great troubles in Brittany and Normandy for many years.

Some further explanation of this mysterious affair will be given in the Memoir of De Clisson.

Note 6, P. 5.

Taunted us with homage,
We once did Philippe.

There was no act, probably, in the whole of Edward's life, of a political nature, that embittered it so much as that of his having done homage to King Philippe as his liege lord for the duchy of Guienne, and which he did, under the sanction and advice of his council, in great pomp in the city of Amiens, being then about the age of seventeen. He confirmed this act after by letters patent. The wars which deluged France with blood for nearly a century had their origin, probably, in this act of homage.

Note 7, P. 7.

Such as the scholars chaunt in my lady the Queen's Hall, over the boar's head.

Peter alludes here to the hall then called the Queen's Hall, now Queen's College, Oxford, founded chiefly through the munificence and piety of Philippa, Edward's amiable Queen. It has been an immemorial custom, on the great festival of Christmas, for a boar's head to be served up at

dinner, at the high table, which is done in great ceremony in a procession of the scholars, who chaunt the following stanza on the occasion:

I.

The boar's heade in hand beare I,
Bedecked with bayes and rosemarie,
And I pray you my masters be merrie,
Quod estis in convivio.

Chorus.

Caput apri defero, reddens laudis Domino.

II.

The boar's heade, as I understande,
Is the bravest dish in all the lande,
When thus bedecked with a gay garlande,
Let us servire in cantico.

Caput apri defero, &c.

III.

Our stewarde hath provided this
In honoure of the King of Blisse,
Which on this day to be served is,
In Reginensis atrio.

Caput apri defero, &c.

There have been some traditions, but none satisfactory, as to the origin of this custom; it probably arose for the reason given in the first and second lines of the second verse.

Note 8, P. 11.

When fell Mortimer.

Mortimer, Earl of March, paramour of Isabella, Queen of the unfortunate Edward the Second, a man guilty of almost every crime, with scarcely one redeeming quality. Determined, from motives of ambition, to make a sacrifice of the Earl of Kent, brother of the deceased King, who stood in his way, he had recourse to a most nefarious stratagem. He persuaded the credulous Earl, that his brother, Edward the Second, was alive, and detained a prisoner in Corfe Castle. Sir James Deverel, the governor, was his chief agent. The Earl was persuaded to visit the the castle; Deverel pretended to show him his royal brother, sitting at a table, in a room sufficiently dark to keep up the deception; to whom, (not daring to permit him to have a conference,) he promised to deliver a letter. The Earl fell into the snare; he wrote a letter to his supposed brother, stating he would use every endeavour to procure his liberty. Mortimer took this letter to the young King's council—any thing was an act of treason in those days; on this vague charge, Kent was impeached and condemned to death. History further relates, that the Earl stood at the place of execution five hours before any person could be procured to perform the odious office of executioner, and the Marshalsea prison was ransacked for a felon, who, on a promise of pardon, agreed to perform the last sad office.

Note 9, P. 16.

The Palace of the Savoy, on the banks of the Thames, was a royal residence, of great antiquity, and strongly fortified;

it had a prison attached to it. King John of France, who was made prisoner at Poictiers by the Black Prince, had this palace assigned to him as his residence, in which he lived in great splendor, and, on his return again to England, died there. Some remains of this place were in existence about thirty or forty years since; modern improvements in architecture have interfered with several places of antiquity in this neighbourhood; the old baronial mansions of the nobility, and the gardens, fields, and pleasure-grounds on the banks of the Thames, which extended far to the north, and westward to the old village of Charing, have long since disappeared, and become streets and avenues. The improvements since the days of Elizabeth have been rapid and important; in her time, and until the great fire of London, the only public buildings of note were Westminster Abbey and Westminster Hall. Old St. Paul's was a building, ordinary in its architecture, and chiefly built of wood. The palace of Whitehall, built by Inigo Jones, is a beautiful standard of modern architecture. After the fire of London, Charles the Second, accompanied by Sir Christopher Wren and the accomplished John Evelyn, walked over the ruins; and the outline of a city, on a magnificent scale, in which was sketched a grand quay from London to Westminster, was formed by that great architect, at the desire of the King. In consequence of disagreements amongst the citizens (every man wishing to build after his own fashion), and probably on account of the expense, the plan of Sir Christopher Wren was not adopted, and many of the streets and alleys of the new city remained nearly of the same narrow dimensions. There can hardly be a greater proof of the miserable state of architecture in England at this period, than an observation Mr. Evelyn has casually made in his memoirs; alluding to the improvements then going on, this eminent person, possessing great taste and judgment, speaks, with a kind of exultation, of a plan, then about to be adopted, of forming lines of building, where no fewer

than seven streets were to meet at one point. This is no less a place than that so well known by the name of the Seven Dials!

Sir Christopher Wren, by his genius, gave a new aspect to architecture in England. Evelyn, by his skill in planting, and by his example, gave the first impetus to the nobility and gentry of the kingdom to cultivate the English oak and forest trees, which in succeeding wars increased our national strength in the wooden walls of our country; it was under his auspices the forest of Dean was planted.

Note 10, P. 20.

Our truce is ended, and we defy him.

It was a custom, in these early days, to send a personal defiance before war commenced, and considered as a point of honor. Thus Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, sent his defiance to Edward the Third, in the year 1327, that he would enter the English realm, and burn and destroy, *ad libitum*. So Edward, in his first war with Philippe de Valois, sent his defiance, in writing, by the Bishop of Lincoln, which he carried to Paris, and had safe conduct back to Edward, who was then at Mecklin.—*Froissart.* And in Shakespeare's play of Henry the Fourth, Douglas exultingly says, "He had thrown a bold defiance in King Henry's teeth." In the present instance, Edward seems to have made it a condition of De Leon's release, that he should take his defiance to King Philippe, making it the more bitter in sending it by one of Philippe's chief captains.

NOTE 11, P. 20.

My banner hanging in its sacred halls.

In primitive times, when the soldier retired from the pursuits of war to the bosom of his family, he used to hang up his arms in the temple, as a grateful acknowledgment for the protection he had received, and of the victories he had won. There is some allusion to this in Chronicles, ch. xxiii. ver. 9.

Ovid, speaking of the same circumstance, says, the battered soldier, worn out with age and the toils of war, devotes the arms which he formerly used to his ancient household gods—

" Miles ut emeritis non est satis utilis annis
Ponit ad antiquos quæ tulit arma Lares."

In more modern days, and during the middle ages, it was customary for knights of chivalry and heroes to hang up their banners and deposit their armour within the baronial halls of their ancestors.

NOTE 12, P. 23.

The Lords and Commons of this mighty realm.

Parliament, in Edward the Third's time, had attained considerable power and consistency in the state; so much so, that when Edward had taken the title of King of France, and quartered the arms of France with those of England, the Commons, by an Act of 14th Edw. III. declared they owed the king no obedience as King of France, only as

King of England, and that the two kingdoms must ever remain distinct. Again, the separation of Knights of the Shire from the Barons, and a permanent union with the burgesses had also taken place as early as the year 1343,* forming a memorable epoch in the constitution, assuming, as it did, a well-defined model of that mixed form of government which it has since maintained.

The Commons assembled in the Chapter House, Westminster, originally built by King Stephen as a chapel within the palace, and dedicated to St. Stephen the Martyr.† It was after re-edified by Edward the Third, who established a college there in 1348. It was abolished at the reformation, and in the reign of Edward the Sixth appropriated as the Commons House of Parliament.—*Rymer's Fœdera.*

A curious monument of the state of the fine arts, in the time of Edward the Third, was discovered in the year 1800. In removing an old wainscot, with which the apartment was lined, many grand paintings, rich ornaments, and gilding were found; amongst those least injured there was one of the nativity, with the adoration of the shepherds; the other a representation of the misfortunes of the family of Job, as described in the first chapter.—*Godwin.*

The first record of the choice of a Speaker of the House of Commons was towards the end of Edward the Third's reign, "Monsieur Thomas de Hungerford qui a'voit les *paroles* pur les Communes d'Angleterre en c'est Parlement, 1377."—*A Rot. Parl.* 51 *Edw. III.*

It may also be noticed as a singular fact, that Calais, whilst under the dominion of England, sent representatives to the English House of Commons.—*Brown Willis' Parl. Notices.*

Edward, soon after the conquest of Calais, peopled the

* Vestigia Anglicana. † Stow.

town wholly with English, having distributed the inhabitants n the towns and villages about, and it became as it were incorporated with England—something in the same way " as our good town of Berwick upon Tweed."

Note 13, P. 26.

There will you see our gallant knights pass by.

In this expedition, amongst others of the nobility who accompanied Edward, were Edward, Prince of Wales, stated by Froissart to be thirteen, but then sixteen years of age; the Earls of Hertford, Northampton, Arundel, Cornwall, Warwick, Huntingdon, Suffolk, and Oxford; of Barons, Lord Mortimer, afterwards Earl of March, the Lords John Lewis and Roger Beauchamp, sons, as is believed, of Beauchamp, the then celebrated Earl of Warwick, Lords Mowbray, Roos, Lucy, Felton, Bradestan, Milton, Maule, Basset, and Willoughby; of Bachelors, the celebrated Sir John Chandos, Fitzwarren, Peter and James Audley, and many others.

Lord Godfrey Harcourt also attended the King. The Earl of Derby had previously embarked and landed in Gascony, with the Earls of Pembroke and Oxford, Lord Stafford, Sir Walter Manny, Sir Hugh Hastings, Sir Richard Haydon, Sir Robert Lerney, Sir John Norwich, Sir Robert Oxenden, and others; so that the flower of the English nobility were engaged in this expedition against France.

Note 14, P. 28.

As soon as our King crosses the water, out pounces the Scot.

The truce between England and Scotland having expired about this time, the Scots determined to make war upon England, whose realm was then destitute of men of war, as they were beyond seas with the King, some before Calais, others in Brittany, Poictou, and Gascony. The French King did what he could to excite the Scots to make war, that he might compel Edward to return and defend his own dominions, and King David assembled an army of about fifty thousand fighting men. This could not be done so secretly as to escape the watchful eye of Queen Philippa, who was then in the city of York. The Scots having collected all their forces, passed the border, wasting, burning, and destroying the county of Northumberland, and approached Newcastle, near to which town the celebrated battle of Nevill's Cross took place.

Note 15, P. 34.

Who, in the crimson field,
So freely bled for you.

The last act of De Clisson in his sovereign's service was at Vannes, where he and De Leon were both made prisoners. Edward was at that time in Brittany, and his troops were laying siege to Vannes. These warriors, perceiving the banners of Earl Warwick, Arundel, and Lord Stafford to approach, opened the gates and came to the barriers; a

severe battle took place, and the English were driven back, the French and Bretons pursuing them; the English troops being reinforced, they obliged the French to retreat, and pursued them in their turn to the gates. Those who had the command of the town, perceiving the approach of the English, closed the barrier, but so inopportunely, that Lord de Clisson and Sir Henry Leon were shut out, and both taken; Lord Stafford at the same time, in the eagerness of pursuit, was inclosed between the barriers and the gate, and made prisoner by the besieged. It was he who was after exchanged for Lord de Clisson.

NOTE 16, P. 35.

Is't possible Antoine de la Croise could
Traitor prove!

This is an ideal character, for as the execution of De Clisson and those other nobles must ever remain a mystery, and it is too incredible to suppose Philippe had not some ground for putting to death those heroes who had fought his battles; a supposition is raised here, that he had some intimation privately given to him of De Clisson's loyalty, and on which testimony, whether true or false, he acted: one fact appears clear, that these nobles had no trial or hearing.

NOTE 17, P. 36.

The pale moon, as if from its firm
Moorings broken—

The King in this expedition embarked at Southampton, about the feast of St. John the Baptist, 1346, having with

him the Prince of Wales (then sixteen years of age), Lord Godfrey de Harcourt (lately banished from France), and the flower of the English nobility. His first intention was to proceed to Gascony to relieve Earl Derby, then threatened by the Duke of Normandy with an immense force; but a storm having arisen three days after he sailed, he was driven on the Marches of Cornwall, at a place called "Chespe" (as the author has somewhere read.) It was then thought to be too late to be of service to Earl Derby to land in Gascony; and as a diversion, and for the sake of wealth and plunder, the King was persuaded by Lord Harcourt to steer for Normandy—"upon which the King commanded the mariners to steer for Normandy, taking upon himself the office of admiral for that voyage."—*Froissart.*

NOTE 18, P. 38.

He boasts he 's of the true Teresian school,
Says Leo's in the ascendant.

The King of England being in the chapel of Therosse, between St. Omer and Montrieul, within two leagues of King Philippe and his army, sent heralds to demand a day for battle. Philippe fixed on a Friday, two days after, for the combat, and rewarded the heralds with handsome furred gowns. In the mean time, letters of recommendation were sent to Philippe from Robert, King of Sicily, a great astronomer, and much skilled in science, stating he had consulted his books as to the fortunes of the Kings of England and France, and found by his astrology and the influence of the heavens, that if Philippe engaged with Edward of England in person he would be defeated. Philippe, nevertheless, was

desirous of fighting, but was overruled by his council, and retired to St. Omer, and Edward to Antwerp, about 1328. These letters of advice he often sent to Philippe. Astrology has had some few followers since. The celebrated Lilly wrote a book on the science; and when Charles the First was confined, Lilly was consulted as to the hour that would be most favourable for his escape. His brother, Charles the Second, was also a bigot to the science: see the story of him in Burnet's History of his own Times. And Dryden, enlightened as he was, cast the nativities of his sons, and his prediction as to his son Charles, as it has been said, took place.

Note 19, P. 40.

Now to kind Providence our first offerings.

Edward, after a short voyage of three days, landed at Cape la Hogue, on the north-west coast of Normandy. He lodged that day on the sands, where he fixed his tent, and appointed Lords Warwick and Harcourt his marshals; Earl Arundel his constable; Earl Huntingdon his captain of the fleet. He then proceeded in three divisions, one commanded by each Marshal, the other, the centre, by himself with his son.

In their march, Honfleur, Harfleur, Cherbourgh, Mountebourgh, Carentan, and St. Lo successively submitted to the conqueror. The English army sacked Caen, laid the whole country waste as far as the river Seine, getting immense plunder, which, with three hundred of the richest burgesses and a great many knights, he sent to England in his fleet, answering the double purpose of hostages and ransom.

The English then plundered Louviers, a rich town, and

several others. Edward's intention was to proceed to Rouen, but on his arrival at the Seine he found all the bridges broken down. He then proceeded up the river towards Paris, as far as Poissy, watched by an immense army on the opposite side.

Note 20, P. 40.

Welcome to thy heritage, my boy.

Edward entertained very early notions of claiming the crown of France. By a letter of the 28th March, 1328, addressed to some nobles in the south of France, even before the death of the posthumous daughter of King Charles, he asserted his determination to claim the crown.—*Rymer*, Vol. IV. p. 344.

And in an instrument of the 16th May, in the same year, at Northampton, he directs the Bishops of Lichfield and Leicester to demand and take possession of the kingdom of France "in our name," which kingdom he states to have devolved upon him as right heir. Nothing could be more absurd than this claim. This prejudice seems to have cooled by degrees, and to have removed by the remonstrances of his council, for some years after he recognized Philippe's title, and performed the celebrated act of homage, of which he afterwards so greatly repented.

Note 22, P. 46.

Here at your disposal, Sire, I present
Those gallant Lords, the Constable of France,
And Tankerville's brave Earl.

Earl Guiennes, Constable of France, and Earl Tankerville, having been sent by King Philippe to protect the town of

Caen, were received with great joy by the inhabitants, who prepared for the defence with great spirit: they kept strict watch of the town, and placed the walls, gate, bridge, and river in the best state they could; and Edward having approached the suburbs, the citizens said they were strong enough to meet the English, and would give them battle. The Constable, perceiving their good disposition, sallied out with them; but as soon as they perceived the King and Prince with their division coming in good order, with their archers, a sight they had not been used to, they fled, observing no order; the English in pursuit. A great many were slain and others dispersed, the English giving no quarter. The Constable of France and Earl Tankerville surrendered themselves as prisoners of war to Sir Thomas Holland, whom they had known in Prussia, Grenada, and other places.

After this and a sanguinary action, the town of Caen submitted to the English.

Note 23, P. 48.

We must outstrip the wind in speed.

Edward arrived at Poissy, on the Seine, about seven or eight leagues from Paris, and apparently never was warrior in a more perilous state. From his landing at Cape la Hogue he had traversed, as we trace him in his march, a country of more than eighty leagues, leaving an exasperated population which he had plundered in his rear, an enemy three times his number in front, the bridges of the Seine broken down, his fleet sent to England, his passage intercepted—so that, in fact, he could neither retreat nor advance·

Here was his character as a great tactician fully developed. "He preserved with care the broken arches and materials of the bridge at Poissy," which had been broken down, and had fortunately floated on his side the river. As a feint, he kept his royal court in great state at that place, "sitting in his scarlet robes furred with ermine;" and to blind Philippe menaced Paris, bewildering and keeping him in full check, whilst with incredible celerity he restored the bridge, and passed the Seine suddenly by night, thereby getting some twenty-four hours start of his opponent. Then passing toward the river "Somme" through Picardy, a woody country, he avoided the excursions of Philippe's numerous cavalry.

The advantages of this manœuvre, and the nicety of the race of the two Kings from the Seine to the Somme, where Philippe thought to have taken Edward prisoner, will be seen more clearly in Note 29.

Note 24, P. 53.

What mercy
Can be shown to men so dead in crime?

Edward, on his retreat towards the Somme, entered the country of Beauvais; passing the town of that name, he lodged at the abbey of St. Messene, and remained there one night. In the progress of his march he perceived the abbey to be on fire. He caused twenty of the culprits who had done this to be hanged, for he had made a law that no one, on pain of instant death, should burn an abbey or violate a church.

NOTE 25, P. 54.

Stay thy unhallowed hand, base ruffian!

Edward, proceeding on his march, arrived at the town of Poix, where there were two castles, and two fair damsels, daughters of the Earl of Poix. The castles were taken, and the ladies preserved from violence by Lord Basset and Sir John Chandos, who brought them to the King. He treated them courteously, and provided an escort for them to Corbie, a place of safety.

The episode of Lord Basset and Lady Eloise Poix is taken from this incident.

NOTE 26, P. 57.

Were all the bridges, then,
Of Abbeville broken down?

Edward, having arrived at Arraines, knew of no ford to pass the river Somme, which was large and deep, and all the bridges broken down. He was very pensive, and having the next morning heard mass, dislodged. He then sent his marshals with a large force to attempt a passage at Pont St. Remy, Longe, or Pecquigny, but all those passages were too strongly defended; the French King being determined to fight him to his disadvantage or starve him. About noon the French King arrived at Arraines, the English having departed in the morning. That night Edward lodged at Oisement, and was in a great dilemma, his marshals having returned without being able to find any ford where they could cross the river, and the enemy in full pursuit, with his immense army a few leagues in his rear.

NOTE 27, P. 58.

Born in these parts, Sire, the depths
And shallows I know well.

At night, when his marshals had returned from the gates of Abbeville, the King assembled his council, and ordered certain prisoners of Ponthieu to be brought before him: having courteously demanded if they knew of any passage near Abbeville, " one person, Gobin Agace, stepped forth and said, I promise you, at the risk of my head, that I will show you a place where you and your whole host may safely pass; there is a place where twelve men abreast may go not above knee deep; the passage is hard, with white pebbles, so that all your carriages may go over, therefore called the passage of Blanche Taque." The King said, Make this good, and I will acquit thee and thy friends of ransom, and give thee, moreover, one hundred nobles.—*Froissart.*

NOTE 28, P. 59.

Agace, lead on; we follow.

Edward slept but little that night, for at midnight he arose, sounded his trumpet, and all his carriages being ready, he arrived by sunrise at Blanche Taque, under the guidance of Agace. Philippe had his scouts in the country, who brought him hourly intelligence of the motions of the English, and his intention was to enclose Edward between the city of Abeville and the river Somme; for which purpose he had ordered a great Baron of Normandy, Sir Godemar du Fay, to defend the passage of Blanche Taque, who had with him one thousand men of arms, six thousand foot, the Genoese

and others, amounting all-together to twelve thousand men. The defence of the passage was well arranged, but, nevertheless, the King entered the water with his marshals. There was a great contest; in the end the English triumphed and passed the river; the French, with their commander, seeking refuge in Abeville, St. Ricquier, and other places; but before all the English could pass over, some troops of the King of Bohemia, and Sir John Hainault came up, and intercepted some stragglers. Philippe arrived immediately after, but when he found Sir Godemar du Fay had been defeated, and that the tide was returned again, he betook himself to Abeville, to pass the bridge there. The King of England then proceeded leisurely on his march, and found a place near to the village of Crecy, where he resolved to wait until he had seen his enemy.

Note 29, P. 64.

On, comrades, on; forward, my gallant mates.

In the whole of this memorable campaign, even including the battle of Crecy, there was no military exploit of Edward so brilliant as that of the passage of the river Somme, at Blanche Taque. Pursued by an enemy whose cavalry alone almost equalled in numerical strength Edward's whole army, he arrived on the banks of the river by forced marches (having more the character of a flight than a march), followed closely by Philippe; and so nice was the race between the two kings, that where Edward breakfasted, at Arraines, Philippe dined; partaking of his brother's wine and cold meats. Arrived at the Somme, Edward found all the bridges broken down, the ford strongly guarded, his progress intercepted, with the enemy close in his rear. As if fortune

never forsook the brave, the peasant Agace appeared at this crisis, and pointed out the passage of " Blanche Taque;" the golden opportunity was seized, and, as the work of a moment, Edward dashed into the river, crying, " He who loves me, follows me," and defeated an army nearly half his number, strongly intrenched; the pursuing enemy almost in sight.

Thus was the pale star of Philippe eclipsed by the brilliant orb of Edward's! What a triumph this and the succeeding battle of Crecy to the prescient science of the astrologer of Sicily!

Note 30, P. 64.

Time, they say, and tide, for none ever waits.

Part of the French army, under the King of Bohemia and Sir John Hainault, arrived immediately after at the river, and intercepted and cut off several carriages and horses, and slew many who could not make good the passage, the French King expecting to have found the English between him and the river Somme; but the tide having returned when his army came up, he was obliged to deploy and lodge at Abbeville. Edward, when he had passed the river, having first returned thanks to God, proceeded leisurely on his march, and after some excursions of his marshals, they returned to the King, where he lodged for the night, at Crecy. Aware that the French King would follow him, he told his marshals he would go no further until he had seen his enemy; that being then on the rightful inheritance of the Queen, his mother, which was given to her on her marriage, he would challenge it of his adversary, Philippe de Valois.

NOTE 31, P. 65.

In this park, skirted by thick woods,

Then the King caused a park to be made by the wood side, where he placed all his carts, carriages, and horses. He then formed his army into three divisions; in the first were the Prince of Wales, the Earls Warwick, Oxford, Lord Harcourt, Sir John Chandos, and others, amounting to eight hundred men-at-arms, two thousand archers, and a thousand others, with the Welchmen.

In the second division were the Earl of Northampton, Earl Arundel, Lord Basset, and others, about eight hundred men-at-arms and twelve hundred archers.

The third division the King commanded, having with him seven hundred men of arms and two thousand archers.

NOTE 32, P. 67.

Our field to reconnoitre;

That Saturday the French King rose early, and heard mass at his lodging in the Abbey of St. Peter, in Abbeville, and departed at sun-rise; then he sent four knights, the Lord Moyne of Bastleburgh, Lord Noyers, Lord Beauviene, and Lord D'Aubigny, to ride and take a view of the English army, and they rode so near as to be perfectly able to ascertain its position. The King saw them clearly, and knew their object, but he let them alone, took no notice, and they returned as they came; upon which they went back to the King and reported what they had seen.

NOTE 33, P. 68.

A blessing beg in true humility;

Then the King that night made a supper to all his chief Lords, and when they were all departed to take their rest, he entered into his oratory and knelt before the altar, praying devoutly to God, that, if he fought the next day, he might achieve actions to his honor, and about midnight he retired to rest; and in the morning rose early and heard mass with the Prince, his son, and the most part of his army were confessed.

NOTE 34, P. 70.

My comrades! brave companions of our arms,

Having arranged his order of battle, the King is said to have addressed his army, before the battle, after the manner of ancient captains. Froissart says the King leaped on a hobby, with a white rod in his hand, one of his Marshals on each side, and he rode from rank to rank, desiring every man to take heed that day to his right and honor; he spoke so sweetly, and with so cheerful a countenance, that even the dispirited took courage; and having ordered their divisions, every man lay down again on the grass, with his arms by his side, to be fresh when the enemy should come.

NOTE 35, P. 74.

Moreover! tell my boy
"To win his spurs!"

In the early part of the battle a division of French and Germans had broken through the archers of the Black Prince's division, headed by the Earls D'Alençon and Flan-

ders, fighting valiantly. It was at this crisis when Warwick and other officers sent a message to the King, "who was on a little windmill hill," requesting aid, as his son would have much to do. To which the King replied, "Is my son dead, hurt, or felled to the earth?" "No, Sir," answered the knight, "but he is hard matched." To which the King said, "send no more for succour; if God please, I wish the honor of this day to be his and those about him. Tell my boy to win his spurs." An answer worthy of a magnanimous Prince.

Note 36, P. 75.

Hark, the battle! Oh for those glorious days,

The valiant King of Bohemia, John of Luxembourgh, son to the Emperor Henry, of Luxembourgh, "although nearly blind, fought nobly in company with his attendant knights." He desired to be led into the midst of his enemies, and, on account of this infirmity, they tied the reins of the bridles of their horses to each other; they were all slain, and found dead in that position after the battle. Luxembourgh was blind from the effects of poison given to him in one of his campaigns in Spain.

It was this circumstance of Luxembourgh wearing the plume of ostrich feathers, with the motto, "Ich Dien," that gave rise to the Black Prince and his successors adopting that as part of their arms.

Note 37, P. 79.

Oh, tell my son, like thee——

Charles succeeded his father as king of Bohemia. He is represented by German historians as deficient in personal courage, and insensible of humiliation, and treated with

derision by his contemporaries.* The reign of Charles, however, was distinguished in the constitutional history of the empire by his celebrated golden bull. His conduct at Crecy is not treated with much ceremony by Froissart, who represents him flying as soon as he found the battle was against his party, which, according to Falstaff, is the true test of courage.

Note 38, P. 79.

This cap and plume
I take, and with its holy motto.

Historians generally are silent as to the meaning of the motto "Ich Dien." Some, amongst others Smollet, are of opinion it was adopted by Luxembourgh, as the follower, or, in other words, the stipendiary of Philippe, for which there is no authority. Mottos of a religious tendency were then in common use, and had been adopted from the time of the Crusades. In this light it is considered here "Ich Dien," I serve, God, not Philippe. It can hardly be supposed that Luxembourgh, one of the greatest of warriors, of the first blood royal in Europe, equal, if not superior to Philippe as a potentate, son of the Emperor Henry of Luxembourgh, would have condescended to use that motto in so degraded a sense.

Note 39, P. 80.

Edward, Leopard of England.

It may be uncertain whether the term "Leopard" of England can be used as a term of reproach, we think not. When the English army appeared in the Peninsula, in the first

* Hallam's State of Europe in the middle Ages.

campaign in Spain, Napoleon, in one of his harangues to his soldiers, at a review in the "Place Carousel," exclaimed, "Soldiers, we have need of you, the English Leopard pollutes the Peninsula with his presence."* But the Leopard, in early ages, not the Lion, formed part of the arms of the ancient Kings of England. About the year 1189 it was a custom for knights and distinguished men to bear a small shield, fastened to a belt, upon which arms were painted. This custom prevailed in England prior to the reign of Richard the First, on whose great seal were three Lions passant, or, as some term them, Leopards. The Emperor Frederick sent Henry the Third a present of three leopards in token of his royal shield of arms, whereon three leopards were pictured.†

NOTE 40, P. 82.

Death *himself, as the vile*
Corvorant insatiable,

The learned Dr. Kay, or Cains, derives the word from "Corvus Vorans" (voracious crow), from which corruptly came our word "Cormorant." Cormorants are remarkably voracious, having a very sudden digestion, promoted by the immense quantity of small worms which fill their intestines. —*Pennant.*

Milton makes Satan personate this bird, and, as a disgusting object, survey, undelighted, the beauties of Paradise; sitting, devising death, on the tree of life.—*Paradise Lost, B.* 4. 194.

Buffon calls this bird the Sea Crow, simply "Corbeau Marin."

* Paroles de Napoleon. † Stow's Hist. of London, B. 1. 79.

NOTE 41, P. 83.

Hold me not, Hainault!

In the evening the French King, having with him only about three score persons, had his horse shot by an arrow. He was quickly remounted by Sir John Hainault, who took the King's horse by the bridle and led him away by force. Then the King rode 'till he came to the Castle of Broyes; the gate was closed, it being dark. The King called out to the Governor to open the gate, with these memorable words, "Open, Captain, this is the fortune of France." He had only with him five barons, Sir John Hainault, Sir Charles De Montmorency, the Lord De Beauvieur, Lord Daubigny, and Lord Montfort.

NOTE 42, P. 85.

They visited the field of battle with three heralds, and returned as the King was taking some refreshment; they made a report, "that there were four score banners taken, eleven great princes killed, twelve hundred knights, and more than thirty thousand others.

NOTE 43, P. 86.

Conduct me to the Prince.

When night was come, the King came down from the little hill where he stood, having never taken off his helmet the whole day; then he came to his son, the Prince, embraced and kissed him, and said, "Noble son, God give you

good perseverance; you are indeed my son; nobly have you acquitted yourself; you are worthy of a realm." The Prince inclined to the earth, and honored the King, his father, giving to him all the honor of the day. That night they gave thanks to God, the King desiring they would not boast, or be proud, but that they would all humbly thank the Almighty.

Note 44, P. 87.

And when, in after days, in holy cloistered ground,

There is a tide in all human affairs, and as few, if any, escape the storms of adversity, happy is he who encounters them in the meridian of life, and has the mild beams of the evening sun to gild his latter days. This was not Edward's fortune. After a brilliant career of more than forty years, his splendid star, which seemed to linger in the horizon, became overshadowed with the darkest clouds: his conquests, one after another, slipped from his grasp: and what humility! the very enemy over whom he had so often triumphed—whose sceptre had been all but at his feet—even refused to make a peace with him. His son, the idol of his old age, and of his country, in whom all his hopes centered, the terror of his enemies, prematurely died; leaving him nearly in despair. His misery did not end here, he was forsaken by his friends—by those whom he had cherished, and promoted to honor and wealth. Even his mistress (for, in his old age, he had failings that greatly sullied his virtues) the infamous Alice Peres, on the very morning of his dissolution, took the rings from his fingers and abandoned him.* One solitary gleam

* Walsingham.

of consolation in this dark hour of adversity gilded his last moments: a priest approached, and offered him the consolations of religion; the King was speechless, but sensible; conscious of this last inestimable blessing, he kissed the crucifix, sprinkled it with his tears, and expired.

> " Low on the funeral couch he lies,
> No pitying heart, no eye, afford
> A tear to grace his obsequies."

Since Note 3. was written, the author has inspected the marriage contract of the Compte de Flandres and Isabel. The seals of King Edward, the Prince of Wales, Earls Warwick and Suffolk, Lords D'Arcy and Talbot are affixed, and in a high state of preservation. The contract is written on vellum, in French, in text hand. It stipulates, until the prince can be put in possession of the revenues of certain seigniories and estates in Flanders, the King will allow him an annual income of 25,000 livres, in aid of his general revenue. The marriage was broken off in the manner before noticed.

It would appear from Froissart, that there was a great contest for this young prince. The Duke of Brabant sought an alliance with him for his daughter, making him great presents, and promising him he would recover for him the whole earldom of Flanders. The Duke also sought the interference of King Philippe, alleging, if the marriage took place, he would find means to gain the Flemings to his interest in opposition to King Edward.

APPENDIX.

HISTORIANS have disagreed as to the fact whether artillery was used by Edward at the battle of Crecy. Froissart, who was minute in his account of the battle, even to Sir John Hainault's black courser, never mentions it; and, as Mr. Hume says, "he dealt in the marvellous;" if it had been used, so great a novelty would hardly have escaped him. Jean Villani, a contemporary writer, says it was,* and even mentions four pieces. Mr. Hume is inclined to adopt Villani's account; adding, that Philippe, in his hurry to overtake Edward, had probably left his cannon behind him as a useless incumbrance. Artillery certainly was well known, both in England and France, but in those early days it was used only in sieges and in the defence of towns, and not in the field, and was so unwieldy, that the pieces in use might more properly be called engines than cannon. Thus, at the siege of Quesnoy, in 1340, the garrison discharged great square-headed arrows against the besieging army of the Duke of Normandy. Again, at Thin Evesque, on the river Scheld, the same Duke of Normandy discharged immense stones from six great engines, destroying the halls and towers of the town. And at the siege of Hennebon the same machines were used by Sir Henry De Leon.†

With great deference to Mr. Hume, if Edward had cannon with him in the campaign of 1346, pursued as he was by so

* Du Cange, Gloss. in verba bombarda. † Froissart.

treaty, Ferdinand apprized Henry he could not assent to the marriage whilst Warwick was alive, as there could be no security for the succession;* there had been an espousal by proxy, but the personal union had been delayed, and in less than three months the poor captive, upon some false pretence, or from some snare laid for him, ceased to exist. Well might the Infanta declare there could be no happiness in a union thus cemented in blood!

The race of the Plantagenets was not extinct in the reign of James the Second. Sir Richard Cotton states, as an instance of the decay of human greatness, that he saw a true Plantagenet holding the plough in Cheshire; and in the church of Brading, in the Isle of Wight, we recollect a monument which records the deaths of a family of "Richard Plantagenet," Henry Plantagenet, sons of a governor of Sandown Fort, in that island, of the name of "Field," who had most probably married a Plantagenet, a descendant of that house.

The story of the Countess of Salisbury and the garter is involved in considerable mystery, and made more so by the conflicting accounts of historians. Froissart represents all the gallantry to have been Edward's, all the purity the lady's. This, at least as far as respects the lady, is as it ought to be. He says she rejected Edward's suit in the most appropriate terms:—"Most noble Prince, the glorious Father direct your conduct, and remove from you all sinful thoughts to your honour and mine; in these only shall I be ready to serve you." Froissart is consistent to the last, as to the lady's scrupulosity; for at a great feat and tournament given in honour of the Countess by Edward, he says, "All the princesses and ladies were splendidly arrayed, according to their degrees, except Alice, Countess of Salis-

* Lord Bacon, B. III. p. 365.

bury, who dressed most simply, to disguise as it were her beauty, determined to do nothing to dishonour either her husband or herself."

Modern Historians, and our poet Drayton, following a fiction of the Italian novelist, Bandello, have the temerity to fix a stain upon the character of the Fair Maid of Kent, the author's spotless unsophisticated heroine, who is represented, in the second Act, to have been so fond of birds and flowers; and have most incongruously represented the Black Prince as the gallant of the Countess of Salisbury. Dugdale certainly represents the Princess Joan not in very fair colours. He affirms that she clandestinely espoused Sir Thomas Holand, Steward of the Household of the Earl of Salisbury; and that the Earl, falling in love with the Princess himself, contracted a marriage with her, in spite of her first husband; and the lady, having two strings to her bow, found herself incapable of deciding the controversy. He also says, upon an appeal to the Pope, his holiness declared in favor of Sir Thomas Holand. It may be difficult to oppose such high authority as Dugdale. A conclusion has been drawn from these circumstances, that the Princess Joan might, in this interval, have been called the Countess of Salisbury, and been the real *garter* Countess.*

There appears, however, much inconsistency and great obscurity in these statements. It may be asked, who was this Earl of Salisbury? Was he not, in fact, the husband of the Lady Alice, whom Froissart eulogizes, and exhibits as a pattern of matchless virtue? and is it probable that Edward the Black Prince, then of mature age, dignified by every virtue, would have married a lady so faithless and dishonorable? Historians generally have described the Princess as a most amiable wife, and the most affectionate of parents. These conflicting narratives of the historians seem to have no other effect than to mislead the historical student, and throw darker shades on the subject.

* Vestig. Anglicana.

The following is from an ancient manuscript, giving the establishment of King Edward the Third, in Normandy, and before Calais, in the 20th and 21st years of his reign, with their several stipends:

	at per diem.				at per diem.		
My Lord the Prince	£1	0	0	15,104 Ventenars and Archers on horseback	0	0	6
Bishop of Durham	0	6	8	335 Pauncenars			
13 Earls, each	0	6	8	500 Hobblers			
44 Barons and Bannerets	0	4	0	15,480 Foot Archers	0	0	3
1046 Knights	0	2	0				
4022 Esquires, Constables, Centenary, and Leaders	0	1	0				

314 Masons, Carpenters, Smiths, Engineers, Tent-makers, Miners, Armourers, Gunners, and Artillerymen, some at 12*d.*, 10*d.*, 6*d.*, and 3*d.* per diem.

4474 Welch Foot, of whom 200 Ventenars, at 4*d.*; the rest at 2*d.*

1700 Masters, Constables, Mariners, and Pages.

900 Ships, Barges, Balingers, and Victuallers.

Sum total for the aforesaid men, besides lords, £31,294; and some men from Germany and France, who each receive for their wages 15 florins per month.

The sum total of the wages of the war, with the wages of the mariners, from the 4th day of June, in the 20th of the said King Edward, to the 12th day of October, in the 21st of the same King, for one year, 131 days,* as appears from the book of particulars and accounts of Walter Wantwaght, then Treasurer of the Household, intitled "Wages of War in Normandy, France, and before Calais, was £137,201 2*s.* 9½*d.* —*Grose's Military Antiquities*, vol. i. p. 330.

In the above statement are charges for engineers, gunners, and artillerymen; but this by no means weakens the observations before made, that artillery was not used at the battle of Crecy. It was certainly used at the siege of Calais, and the expences of artillery, in the above particular, refer to the artillery used there, a supply of which might have easily been brought from England by Edward's fleet, then stationed off Calais.

* Edward embarked at Southampton early in June, 1346. The battle of Crecy took place August the 5th that year, and the surrender of Calais in October, 1347.

MEMOIRS.

MEMOIR OF QUEEN PHILIPPA.

QUEEN PHILIPPA, the amiable wife of Edward the Third, distinguished alike for her piety, her fortitude, her charities, and, if the term may be applied to a woman, for her valour. She was the second daughter of William, Earl of Hainault, who had four daughters. Edward the Third, in his early youth, had been with his mother at the Earl's court at Valenciennes, where he first saw Philippa, on whom, as Froissart says, "he principally set his affections and company, and also the young lady, in all honor, was more conversant with him than any of her sisters." In the year 1327, an embassy was sent to the Earl by Edward's council, demanding his daughter in marriage with the young King; and a treaty having been agreed upon, the Princess embarked at Wissant, and was conducted by her uncle, Sir John Hainault, in great pomp to London. The King being then on his first expedition against the Scots, the marriage and coronation took place with great splendor at York, on the evening of the conversion of St. Paul, in the year 1327. On the breaking out of the celebrated war in 1345, Philippa, having under her Lords Percy and Nevill, was virtually, though not expressly, appointed warden of the realm, and she proceeded

to the north to be near her army, then watching the motions of the Scotch. The Scots, taking advantage of Edward's absence, who was engaged in the siege of Calais, passed the border, and having plundered many towns in Northumberland, arrived in the neighbourhood of Newcastle, where the battle of Nevill's Cross soon after took place. If Philippa were not in this famous battle (as some historians affirm), she at least addressed the army before the battle, and morally contributed to the success of that splendid victory, exhorting each division "to defend the honor of her lord the King, to be of good heart and courage, promising to remember them as well or better than if the King were himself present, and departing, recommended them to God and St. George."* The circumstances and details of this famous battle are too well known to be further noticed here; it may be sufficient to say, it ended in the total overthrow of the Scots, and the capture of their King. The battle was fought on Saturday after Michaelmas day, October, 1346. Philippa's life seems to have been one continued act of virtue and charity; she was a great patroness of learning and of learned men, and endowed many charities. She founded the hall at Oxford, now known as Queen's College. As her life, so was her death, glorious. Finding her end approaching, she sent for the King, and having told him that they had passed a long life together in peace, joy, and great prosperity, begged he would grant her three requests.

First. That he would please to pay all she owed to all manner of people, either on that side the sea or beyond it.

Secondly. That he would accomplish and fulfil all such ordinances and promises as she had made to the churches where she had performed her devotions, as well in England as abroad.

* Philippa had about this time been confined, and was only recovering her strength, but she kept near to her army.

Thirdly. That he would take no other sepulchre, when it might please God to call him out of this transitory life, but by her side in Westminster.

The King, weeping, answered, "Madam, I grant you all you desire;" then the Queen, having made the sign of the cross, and commending the King her husband, and her youngest son Thomas, who was then by her side, to the protection of the Almighty, in a short time she gave up the ghost.

On such a life, such a death, what reflection can be made after that sublime one of the beautiful historian?

"And I most sincerely believe," says Froissart, "that the holy angels received her soul with great joy into heaven, for throughout her life she never did, either in thought or in deed, any action whereby she injured the purity of her soul, so far as any creature could know."

This age seems to have been noted for distinguished women: amongst many others, Philippa; Margaret, Countess of Mountfort; Jane, Countess of Flanders; and Lady Jean De Valois, sister of King Philippe. The last lady had taken the veil, but whenever there was an expectation of war, she invariably left her convent, throwing herself at her brother's feet to intercede and plead for peace.

The Countess of Mountfort, to every grace of mind and person, exhibited traits of courage in the field, unequalled in the female character; and the Lady Jane of Flanders was also eminent for her piety, her courage, and devotion to her country.

Philippa died in August, 1369, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where the King, her husband, was also buried, in the year 1377.

MEMOIR OF HENRY DUKE OF LANCASTER, EARL OF DERBY, &c.

Henry Duke of Lancaster, surnamed Grismond, from the place of his birth, Grismond Castle, in Monmouthshire, illustrious as a statesman and soldier, was the only son of Henry Earl of Lancaster, the second son of King Henry the Third. He was created Earl of Derby in his father's life-time, 11th Edward the Third; Earl of Lincoln 23d Edward the Third; and Duke of Lancaster, 25th Edward the Third. He married Isabel, daughter of Henry Lord Beaumont, and had issue two daughters, of whom Blanche, the younger, having married John of Gaunt, brought him the estate and title of Earl of Lancaster. Henry was one of the most eminent of Edward's captains, and his chief counsellor, friend, and companion, and consulted on all matters of state policy. He was in the expedition, as Edward's first captain, in the battle of Cadsand. In this noted battle he was the most forward champion, and was struck to the earth, but raised again by Sir Walter Manny. The Flemings were put to flight, and their commander, Sir Guy the Bastard, made prisoner, with several other knights of eminence. In 1344, he was despatched by Edward as chief commander to Gascony, with a considerable force, having under him the Earls Pembroke, Oxford, Lord Stafford, and others. He arrived at Bayonne, then in the hands of the English, on the 6th June, from thence he proceeded to Bourdeaux. He soon opened the campaign, took the strong fortress of Bergarac; the Castles of Langon, Montgris, and several other places followed. He then reduced the town of Auberoche, took the Earl of Lisle prisoner in his tent, with the Earl of Perigord, and several other nobles. The campaign of that year being ended, he wintered at Bourdeaux. Early the following year, having reduced the Castles of St. Basil and

Rochemillon, Aguillon, and Legart, with the town of Mountsegur, Henry made preparation for the siege of La Reole, which, after a siege of eleven weeks, surrendered, the castle still holding out, being nobly defended by Sir Agons de Bans, the captain. The Duke, unable to carry it by storm, caused it to be undermined, it then capitulated. He then proceeded to Montpesance, taking that place by assault, entering the town by scaling ladders. He then took the town of Mauleon by stratagem. The town being too strong for an assault, he pretended to retreat, and having concealed part of his forces in a vale of olives and vines, the commander of the fortress pursued him, passing the ambuscade, and being then between two forces, he was attacked and defeated. Night coming on, the gates of the town were opened by mistake to the Earl, the commander taking Derby's forces for those of his own party. The Earl then proceeded to Ville Franche, the castle of which he took by assault; then the city of Angoulesme, which capitulated; in all these assaults, whilst he exhibited the greatest traits of personal heroism, he showed an invariable clemency to the vanquished. The Duke again returned and wintered in Bourdeaux. In the following year, the King of France raised an army of more than 100,000 men, under the command of his eldest son, the Duke of Normandy, to reconquer the fortresses and castles of Gascony. The Duke retook Ville Franche, Angoulesme, and other places, and proceeded to the siege of Aguillon, so famous for its defence; and it was at this period, and to relieve Derby, that Edward raised that powerful army, which, under the counsel of Lord Harcourt, was afterward destined for Normandy, and operated as a most favourable diversion; for after the battle of Crecy, the Duke of Normandy was obliged, not only to abandon the siege of Aguillon, but the whole of Gascony, and return home to defend his immediate inheritance. Henry accompanied King Edward in most of his subsequent expeditions.

and was eminently successful during the whole of his military career. He was Edward's political mentor, who reposed in him the greatest confidence. In his disposition he was mild and merciful, liberal and munificent, and spent nearly the whole of his immense income in the wars he was engaged in for his master.

For a further particular of some of his exploits, see Dugdale's Baronage, Tom. I. p. 788.

Henry rebuilt and resided at the palace of the Savoy, in London, and died of the plague at Leicester, in 1360, and was buried in the Collegiate Church of St. Mary, where Leland describes his tomb. "On the south side of the high altare, and yn the next arch to his hedde, lyith a lady, by likelihod his wife." But these, with the church itself, were demolished at the revolution. He left two daughters, Lady Maude and Lady Blanche. The Earl of Hainault married Lady Blanche; Lady Maude married the Earl of Richmond, who, in her right, became Duke of Lancaster.

Independently of his other virtues, Henry was religious and charitable. He wrote a pious treatise, entitled "Livre de Saintes Medicines;" extant in the Library of C. C. C. C., Num. CCXVIII.*

He was also the patron and a munificent benefactor of Corpus Christi, or Benet College, Cambridge.—See Mr. Wilson.† According to Rapin, he founded the Collegiate Church of Leicester,‡ and in the same place an hospital for 300 poor persons, which hospital is in existence at this day.

For a further account of this great, good, and extraordinary character, see the Biog. Hist. Vol. I. p. 35.

* See Nasmith's Catalogue, p. 295.

† Memorabilia Cantabrigiæ, p. 37.

‡ It is probable he might have rebuilt the Collegiate Church of Leicester, but it is presumed it must have been founded long prior to Henry's time.

MEMOIR OF SIR JOHN CHANDOS.

Sir John Chandos, next to Earl Derby, ranks the highest of Eward's captains; equal in military skill and science, and little inferior to Derby in council.

Chandos was a great favorite with Edward and the court. He begun his military career, early in life, in the year 1338. He was in the celebrated battle of Cadsand, and at the siege of Cambray, as an esquire, where he highly distinguished himself, fighting in single combat between the barriers and the gate, with a renowned esquire of Vermandois, called Sir Johanne of St. Dizier. He was with Edward, as a simple Knight Bachelor,* in his expedition to France in 1346, and was at the battle of Crecy, and the siege of Calais. He accompanied the Black Prince in his several campaigns, and was in the great battle of Poictiers, never leaving the Prince's side for the purpose of taking a prisoner to enrich himself by ransom. At the battle Chandos was the first to perceive the signs of victory, and he requested the Black Prince to attack the King of France's division, when the battle was the hottest, saying, King John was there—that he knew him to be too brave to fly, and he had great hope of taking him prisoner. The Prince readily accepted of Chandos's proposal, and the result was as he had anticipated. Chandos was in the campaign of 1359, headed by the King, his four sons, Edward, Lionel, John, and Edmund, and continued until the treaty of Chartres,

* The word bachelor, from which has come bachelier, does not signify bas chevalier, but a knight who has not the number of bachelles of land requisite to display a banner in the field; that is to say, *four bachelles*. The bachelle was composed of ten *maz* or *maise* (farms or domains), each of which contained a sufficiency of land for the work of two oxen during a whole year.—*Gloss. du Droit, Fr. de Laurien.*

signed at Calais, on the 24th October, 1360. In the absence of the Black Prince, he was made governor of the duchy of Acquitaine, and soon after constable of Guienne. In the year 1364, we find him in Bretagne, one of the principal captains and counsellors of the Earl of Mountfort, in opposition to Lord Charles de Blois. That campaign ended with the famous battle of Auray, in which Charles de Blois was killed, who, as Froissart beautifully says, was slain with his face toward his enemies. In this battle, Chandos fought with his battle-axe, "giving such strokes that no one durst approach him, for he was a great and mighty knight, and well formed. The celebrated Du Guesclin, and the Earls of Auxerre and Joigny, and the Lord of Preer, were taken prisoners under his banner; and Chandos himself made prisoner the Lord of Raix. Surrounded by his enemies, at one time, and felled to the ground, Chandos rose and attacked his adversary, whom he killed; but he was struck on the visor of his hasenet, and lost one of his eyes. At the end of the battle he was highly complimented by Earl Mountfort, who ascribed that celebrated victory to his judgment and valour.

Chandos next accompanied the Black Prince in his expedition into Spain, and he was in the great battle of Navaret, gained by King Pedro over Henry the Bastard. Here Du Guesclin was taken prisoner again. Before the battle, Chandos brought his banner, rolled up, to the Prince, saying, "Behold my banner, sir; give me leave to raise it, for, thank God and you, I have now land and heritage sufficient to maintain it withal." This battle was fought on Saturday the 3d April, 1366.

The time arrives when there must be an end to all human action, whether of good or evil. We approach the close of this great man's career. In a skirmish, near Poictiers, he closed his long and glorious life. "A great dew," as Froissart says, "had fallen the same morning, and the

ground being slippery, he fell at the moment he approached his enemies, and in rising received a stroke from an esquire, called Jaques of St. Martin, with his glave, which entered under his eye. Chandos not seeing the stroke coming on that side, being already blind of one eye, and having no visor, the blow reached his brain. His knights and barons, seeing him extended on the earth, exclaimed, "Oh, Sir John Chandos, the flower of all chivalry, unhappily was that glave forged that has thus wounded thee to death.' So this noble knight lived but one day more; God have mercy on his soul, for in a hundred years after there was not a more courteous man, or one possessed of more noble virtues."—*Froissart.*

This great man was born at Radbourne, in the county of Derby, at least this was the ancient seat of his ancestors, and had been so for centuries previous to the time of Edward the Third. The family had also estates at Wellington, in Herefordshire; and the following is an ancient deed or grant, without date, having a seal affixed—a knight in armour, on horseback. "Sciant presentis et posteri Quod Ego Rogerus de Chandos concedo Rob. de Flirk, in perpetuum alemoisinam ecclesiam *du Walintona* cum omnibus pertinenciis suis libere et quiete et honorifici possidendum cum omnibus libertatibus et libris consuetunibus quibus eam aliquis ancessorum suorum liberius et quotius scierent. Hiis testibus. Waltero Map, Roger de Solers, cum pluribus aliis."

This Roger, in the 7th Edward the Third, was appointed sheriff of Herefordshire, and governor of the castle of Hereford. In the 19th Edward the Third, being then a baronet, he received summons to fit himself with horse and arms, and attend the King into France; and having been summoned to Parliament amongst the barons of the realm, from the 7th Edward the Third, till the 27th, departed this life in the same 27th year. One Thomas Chandos, a knight, died 49th Edward the Third.—*See Dugdale's Baronage.*

of Bayeux, brother to the Marshal; entered into negociations with the enemies of his country, and by his hatred to his King gained the favor of Edward.* On his arrival in England he was welcomed with great hospitality by King Edward, the Queen, and all the court, and he did homage to King Edward as king of France, the 13th June, 1345, when Edward engaged, if he could not recover for him his estates in Normandy, to give him lands of equal value in England.†

Sir Godfrey accompanied Edward on his celebrated expedition to France, and was in the battle of Crecy; he would gladly have saved the lives both of his brother, the Earl of Harcourt, and his nephew, Lord Aumerle, who were opposed to Edward, but his efforts were ineffectual, they were both slain. He was engaged in all the wars which followed until the year 1356. The death of this celebrated warrior is thus detailed by Froissart.

In the year 1356, he had a contest with Lord Louis de Reyneval. They met near Constances; Lord Harcourt at the head of a number of archers and others, about seven hundred; Lord Louis had a force about equal. After a severe contest, Sir Godfrey's troops having expended all their arrows, gave way, maintained no order, and were defeated. Perceiving this, the bold chieftain preferred death to flight or captivity; he took his battle-axe, and being strong in his arms, he fought valiantly a long time, few daring to receive his strokes; at last two Frenchmen mounted their horses, and both attacked him at once with their spears, thrusting him to the earth, whilst others on foot struck him in the body under his armour with their swords, thus was he slain.

Such was the end of this great warrior.‡

* Grands Chroniques de St. Denys. † Rymer.

‡ The family of the late Earl of Harcourt, of Nuneham, Oxfordshire, was descended from this celebrated warrior; there having been a failure of the male branch, the title became extinct on the death of the late Earl.

MEMOIR OF RALPH LORD BASSET.

Simon Lord Basset, another distinguished captain of Edward, was of an ancient family of Blore, in Staffordshire, and accompanied him in most of his expeditions to France.

The first account we have of Lord Basset is in the campaign of 1338, where, at or near to Vironfosse, the two armies of Edward and Philippe were drawn up in order of battle, but which ended in both armies retiring from the field without fighting. Lord Basset was in that division of the army commanded by Edward in person. He then accompanied the King in his expedition in the year 1346, with his friend and companion Sir John Chandos, and was instrumental in preserving the two daughters of the Earl of Poix, whose castles at or near the town of that name were destroyed by fire. He was at the memorable battle of Crecy, in the second division, commanded by the Earls of Arundel and Northampton. In the siege of Calais he highly distinguished himself, and with Sir Walter Manny was appointed to the honorable post of a conference with the Governor, Sir John d'Vienne, for the surrender of that fortress. He was also in the great battle of Poictiers, and accompanied Edward in all his campaigns in France in the years 1359 and 1360, and was at the celebrated siege of Aguillon, with Edward the Black Prince, in the year 1362; and one of those appointed to welcome and do honor to Peter, the king of Cyprus, then on a visit to the Prince. Lord Basset appears to have been in active service until the year 1373, when he accompanied the Duke of Lancaster into France, and returned with him to England in July, 1374. Here we lose sight of him. This last expedition, it is presumed, closed the military career of this great captain, having been in all Edward's campaigns for a period of about thirty-six years. He most probably retired to end his days in privacy, at his native place.

The family seat of the Bassets was at Blore, in Staffordshire, which is described by Leland "as lying a little south of the meeting of the rivers of Manifold and Hans in Blore, where there is a goodly ancient house and a parke, now the seat of the Bassets of Staffordshire."

The pedigree of this ancient family goes as far back as Thurston, a Norman prince, proceeding on to Ralph Basset, who was Lord Chief Justice of England in the time of Henry the First; then to Ralph Lord Basset of Weldon, who died in 1340; and then to Simon Lord Basset, the object of the present memoir.

The family failing male heirs, a surviving daughter, Elizabeth, daughter of William, the last lord, married the Honorable Henry Howard, sometime in the early part of the sixteenth century.—*See Erdswick.—Staff. Harl. MSS.* 1990. p. 86.

Crest arms.—A boar's head issuing out of a Marquis's coronet: Motto, "In esperance l'avoir."—*Vis. Co. Stafford ut sup. Harl. MSS.* 1173.

The family mansion at Blore and Tapcot was standing, August 16th, 1662.—*Dugdale.*

The church, which is small, the outside mean, and the inside by neglect brought nearly to the same state, though the memorials of the Bassets, which are now fast going to decay, must once have been a great ornament. A few broken fragments of painted arms yet remain on the windows; and at the bottom of the east window there is the following inscription in the glass, in old Text:

"Orate pro bono statu Willielmi Basset, Armigeri,
Et Anne, uxori, ejus qui istam fenestram fieri
Fecerunt et istam Cancellariam—re-edificaverunt.
Anno Domini, 1519."

And are these fading relics all that remain as external objects of this renowned champion!

MEMOIR OF LORD DE CLISSON.

Lord Oliver de Clisson was a celebrated Breton chieftain, allied to the first families in Brittany, and was so much distinguished for his valour and great qualities, that in early life he was appointed Governor of Roche Peron, a strong castle in that duchy. He defended this place with great skill and bravery against a large force under the command of Sir Robert de Pennefort. Lord de Clisson was the friend, companion, and rival in all military exploits, of Henry de Leon; and their warm attachment to each other only ended in death. Lord de Clisson was engaged in all the principal combats which took place during the wars between the rival houses of Blois and Mountfort, being a warm partizan of the former, the ally of his sovereign, King Philippe. He and De Leon were at the siege of the city of Vannes, in the year 1342, which they re-took, and where Lord Robert Artois was mortally wounded, and Earl Le D'Espencer taken prisoner. His last act of devotion and fidelity in King Philippe's service was at a subsequent siege of Vannes, where he and his friend De Leon were made prisoners by the English, in a skirmish there. They had sallied forth, with other knights, from the ramparts, but being repulsed, retreated to the gates, closely pursued, at the very moment the barrier closed, and they were both made prisoners; at the same time, Lord Stafford, in the eagerness of pursuit, went too far, and was inclosed between the barrier and the gate, and made prisoner by the French.

An exchange of prisoners taking place soon after, Lord Stafford was exchanged for De Clisson; and on his arrival in France De Clisson was arrested by King Philippe and incarcerated in the prison of the Châtelet, in Paris, with other Breton Knights, and executed without trial, to the consternation of the nobles and the whole population of Paris.

This act of violence of Philippe has been attempted to be explained on grounds of suspicion of De Clisson's fidelity, and of his being a traitor to his country. Great mystery will ever attach to this circumstance. In an edition of Froissart, by the late Mr. Johnes, it is inserted in a note, "That he and Sir Godfrey Harcourt had entered into some treaty against Philippe; and the Earl of Salisbury, to whom it was intrusted, having heard, on his return to England, from his Countess, of Edward's conduct to her, in his absence, retired secretly from the court, and went to France, and delivered to Philippe the engagements of Oliver De Clisson and the other Knights. Oliver was beheaded, and his body exposed as a traitor; and De Harcourt, being banished, returned to England." So far Mr. Johnes, who quotes as his authority Hist. de Bretagne, vol. i. p. 268.

On the other hand, it does not appear from any authentic source, that there was any quarrel between Edward and the Earl of Salisbury, relative to his Countess, or that the Earl quitted England for France about that period; on the contrary, it would appear, that in the 18th of Edward, (being about the time De Clisson suffered,) the Earl of Salisbury had been sent by Edward on an expedition against the Scots.

"In the 18th of Edward the Third, the Earl of Salisbury was sent into the north, with the Earl of Ulster, and 100 men at arms and 600 archers, against the Scots."—*Dugdale.*

The Earl's eldest son also accompanied Edward the Third, the year after, to France, and was made a Knight Banneret at Cape la Hogue, in company with the Black Prince. This does not wear much the appearance of a quarrel between Edward and the Earl of Salisbury.

It seems also incredible that a treasonable act of this nature should have been reduced into writing, which might at any time be so readily brought forward as evidence of treason. "Litteræ scriptæ manent." Nor is there any such

document on record, which would have been preserved in the "Histoire de Bretagne" above referred to, as a complete justification of Philippe's conduct; nor is it likely the Earl of Salisbury would have condescended to so mean an act of treachery as to betray the Breton Chiefs, for an act done, in which, if it ever existed, he had been so prominent an agent.

The fact, too, of De Clisson having been executed, without any form of trial, or being heard in his defence, which is admitted by all historians, is a strong proof of Philippe's injustice. He was hurrried to the scaffold, ignorant of the crime or charge imputed to him; deprived of all means of defence, having no knowledge of his accusers, who were his accomplices—

"Quis? Quid? Ubi? Quibus auxilius? Cur? Quomodo? Quando?"

This inexplicable act of Philippe must for ever remain a mystery; but the fact of his not giving his captains—those who had fought his battles—a fair trial, throws a dark shade of suspicion on his character.

A late historian, Smollet, says this act fixed an indelible stain on the character of the French King; and he attributes De Clisson's death to the simple fact of his brother, the Earl of Clisson, being attached to the Earl of Mountfort, which had excited the jealousy of Philippe, who was naturally cruel and suspicious, and who therefore imagined Oliver also had entered into this supposed engagement with Edward, as well as his brother the Earl.

MEMOIR OF MARGARET, COUNTESS DE MOUNTFORT.

This celebrated woman, a Fleming by birth, was sister of Earl Louis of Flanders, and wife of the Earl of Mountfort. In writing a memoir of this lady, who, with her son, was an ally of Edward the Third, it will be necessary to give a brief historical account of Brittany at the time of the death of the late Duke, at least as far as respects the claims of the two rival houses of Blois and Mountfort, both of which laid claim to the dukedom. A truce having been agreed upon between England and France, at the time of the siege of Tournay, in the year 1340, the Duke of Brittany, who had been a partizan and ally of King Philippe, on his return home fell suddenly sick on the road and died. The Duke left no child by his Duchess, but had a brother of the half blood, by the father's side, Earl Mountfort, who had married the Princess Margaret of Flanders (the subject of this memoir); he had also a niece by another brother, who had died a short time before, the wife of Lord Charles, eldest son of Earl Guy de Blois, a nephew of King Philippe. This marriage with Philippe's nephew had been promoted by the Duke of Brittany, from policy; suspecting, as he did, that his brother, Earl Mountfort, might at his decease claim the dukedom, she was anxious to have so powerful an ally as Philippe, in case the rights of his niece should be invaded. This happened precisely as was anticipated; Earl Mountfort, as soon as he knew of his brother's death, proceeded to Nantes, the capital of Brittany, and having received the homage and fealty of the town, and of all places in the neighbourhood, as liege lord, he proceeded to Brest, Hennebon, and other strong places of the country, which were soon brought into a state of subjection, and having, at least, military possession of the country, he assumed the title of the Duke of Brittany. This

accomplished, to strengthen and support his dominion, he had the policy to seek the powerful alliance of Edward the Third, immediately proceeded to England, and having explained his situation and circumstances to the King, he flattered Edward so much as to do homage to him as King of France for Brittany. Edward, a good judge of men and measures, aware of the policy of such an alliance, was not scrupulous on the occasion, and he promised to support the Duke as his liege man against the French King and all other claimants. In the mean time Philippe was informed of what had passed in Brittany, and of this act of homage done to Edward; he therefore summoned Mountfort to Paris to account for his conduct. He obeyed the summons, but on being commanded by the King not to leave that place for fifteen days, until the peers of Paris could determine the rights of the parties to the dutchy, and being taunted by Philippe with the homage done to Edward, he suddenly left Paris and was glad to return to Brittany. The Countess, who was a woman of great policy, advised her husband to fortify all the garrisons, castles, and fortresses, foreseeing that a strong force would soon be sent to re-conquer the country. In the mean time the peers of Paris sat in council, and at the end of fifteen days adjudged the dutchy of Brittany to the Countess of Blois, as having a better title than the Earl of Mountfort, and alleging, if the Earl had any rights, he had forfeited them by having done homage to one who was not his liege lord. Upon this, the Earl of Blois solicited assistance of his uncle, and Philippe despatched the Duke of Normandy, with a large army, to Gascony, to support his nephew's pretensions.

It would be too prolix, in a memoir of this kind, to enter into the details of events that took place in the destructive wars carried on by these rival houses, and which desolated the devoted country of Brittany for so many years. After many conflicts, in which fortune sometimes favored one party,

then the other, the first war ended in the capture of the Earl of Mountfort, at the siege of Nantes, and the re-occupation of many of the strong holds of the country; and the Earl ended his days in the prison of the Louvre, at Paris.

We come now to the immediate acts of the Countess, the most celebrated of heroines, at least of the middle ages. On the death of her husband, the Countess, who, as Froissart says, "had the courage of a man, and the heart of a lion," proceeded to the city of Nantes, where her lord had been made prisoner, and showing the citizens her young son, whom she held in her arms, told them not to be dejected and cast down, for the lord, whom they had lost, however valiant, was but one man, and, pointing to her child, said, Here is your young prince; he shall be the restorer of your liberties, and until he is able to do so, I will be both his father and mother—my arm shall protect you. In this manner she went to several other of her fortresses, leading her young son in her hand, and fortifying her garrisons. In the celebrated siege of Hennebon, the Countess was the most conspicuous for her heroism; she wore armour, riding on a great horse from street to street, encouraging her people. She ordered her damsels and other women to cut short their gowns, and carry stones and missiles to the walls to cast down on her enemies; and having mounted a high tower, and perceiving the French lords to have left their camp, she took her courser, and with some of her company dashed into the French camp, cutting some of their lodgings down, and burning others, compelling the French to give up the assault. It would be endless to detail all the exploits of this celebrated lady; the wars between the two rival houses, in which she took so conspicuous a part, are amply detailed by Froissart. In the year 1342, a truce for a short time was agreed upon between Sir Charles de Blois and the Countess, and she proceeded to England on a visit to the Queen. In the spring of the

following year, King Edward sent Lord Robert d'Artois with a large force to Brittany; he accompanied the Countess on this expedition. When off the Isle of Guernsey, Lord Louis of Spain, with a fleet of Genoese, attempted to intercept them, and a great battle took place. The Countess, personally, was engaged in this action. "She fought that day like a man, had the heart of a lion, having in her hand a sharp broad sword,"* with which she engaged the enemy. A tempest having arisen in the night, the hostile fleets separated, and each party sought for safety; the English reached a little haven not far from Vannes. The death of Lord Robert d'Artois, which has already been noticed, took place soon after.

In the year 1357, the Countess was still engaged in war, and the Duke of Lancaster collected a large army in Brittany to assist her and her son; this is the last we hear of this celebrated woman in Froissart's Chronicles, and it is to be lamented history is silent as to her last days; it is probable she died some time bfore the year 1362, for at that time, Froissart says, the treaty still proceeded between Lord John de Mountfort and the Earl of Blois, not naming the Countess then as he had invariably done before.

The last war between these two rival houses ended in the sanguinary battle of Auray, which took place in the year 1364, in which the Earl of Blois was slain, and which is alluded to in the memoir of Sir John Chandos. Froissart relates an anecdote greatly to the honor of the Earl of Mountfort, who wept over the body of his old opponent lying dead on the field, covered by a shield, and who, in great grief, could hardly be drawn away. The Earl ordered his remains to be carried to Guincamp, and there honorably interred, for, as Froissart says, "he was a good, true, and valiant knight. His body was afterwards sanctified, called St. Charles, and canonized by Pope Urban."

* Froissart.

MEMOIR OF PHILIPPE DE VALOIS, KING OF FRANCE.

Philippe of France is so much referred to in the drama as the adversary of Edward, that it may be necessary to give a short account of his life. He was cousin german to King Charles, who dying, as is stated in the preface, without issue male, about Easter, 1328, was by the assent of all the peers of France, and by common accord, declared heir to the realm, and crowned at Rheims on Trinity Sunday, in the same year. He commenced his reign in great splendor, with a fair prospect of prosperity; but the sunshine of the morning is often insidious, and storms of adversity arise when least expected. The kings of Bohemia and Navarre, and many of the potentates of Europe, hastened to pay court to Philippe, and all the nobles and barons of his realm did him homage for their respective domains. It was at this time determined by his council that the young King of England should be summoned to do his act of fealty also, for the dutchy of Guienne. Philippe despatched certain lords and clerks to England, with letters to the King; who, having rewarded them with gifts and jewels, under the sanction of his council, returned a gracious answer; that he would proceed in due time, and do his act of faith and homage. In August, 1329, the King, with the Bishop of London, Earl Derby, and several of his nobles, embarked for France, and arrived at Amiens, where he was received by King Philippe and the kings of Bohemia, Majorca, and Navarre in great pomp; but some difficulty having arisen as to the precise form of the ceremony, Edward so far agreed as to do homage *by word, but not by placing his hands between those of the King of France*, the usual and customary form of homage. In the end it was settled he should return to England, and having consulted the acts of his predecessors, should perform the ceremony in

the form it had been done in times past; and soon after Edward sent letters patent to Philippe, containing his faith and fealty in all proper terms.*

In the spring of the following year, Philippe, with the Kings of Bohemia and Navarre, their peers and nobles, assembled at Avignon to meet Pope Benedict, who, on a Good Friday, preached of the passion of God, exhorting them to take the cross against the Saracens. A crusade was determined upon and published to the world, in which many of the Kings of Europe acquiesced; and a force of no less than 3000 persons of note took upon themselves the cross, and made preparation for the expedition.

It was about this period that Lord Robert d'Artois was banished France, and having taken refuge in England, his pernicious counsels gaining the ascendant, he began to stimulate Edward to claim the crown and realm of France. An early impression, though stifled for a time, may be easily revived. Edward, who had bitterly repented of having done this act of homage, listened with avidity to Artois' counsels, and he assumed the title of King of France, and quartered the arms of France with those of England. In the mean time, the intended expedition against the Saracens was abandoned, and Philippe thought it high time to place his kingdom in a state of defence. Edward, equally active, formed with great expedition a confederacy with several German princes, made great alliances in the empire, and having arrived at Mechlin, sent the Bishop of London to Philippe with his defiance, and war immediately commenced. Philippe seized upon the country of Ponthieu, the inheritance of Isabella, Edward's mother, and he despatched a fleet to harass the English coast, and amongst other places his captains landed at and plundered Southampton.

* See a copy of these letters patent in Dugdale.

It would be out of place in this memoir to enter into historical details of the celebrated battle of Cadsand; the siege of Cambray; the approach of the two Kings in order of battle near to St. Omer, where they separated without an engagement; or of the subsequent campaigns. Passing these, we arrive at the great epoch when that dreadful war commenced, the source of others that deluged France with blood for near a century.

In the year 1345, the war commenced in Gascony, where Edward sent a formidable army under the command of Earl Derby; and in the memorable campaign of 1346, the celebrated and decisive battle of Crecy took place, which, independently of the loss to Philippe of nearly all his nobility and knights, made Edward complete master of the field, and gave him the strong fortress of Calais; a safe footing and stepping-stone to France in his future wars.

Philippe was so much displeased with Sir Godemar du Fay, for his defeat at the battle of Blanche Taque, and the defence he made, that he had resolved to put him to death as a traitor, and some of his council sanctioned this rash feeling; but Sir John Hainault appeased him, by asking how it could possibly be in the power of Du Fay to resist the English army, when all the flower of the realm of France, with an immense army combined, was unable to do so?

During the siege of Calais Philippe assembled another army at Amiens, having under him the Duke of Burgundy, Sir John Hainault, and other earls and barons, and at a great council held there, it was determined to relieve Calais. Froissart states this army consisted of no less than 200,000 men, an incredible number; and he says, on Philippe's leaving Arras, this immense force extended three leagues over the country. They soon approached Calais, and encamped on the hills of Sangatte, between that place and Wissant, so that when Edward saw them encamp, it appeared to him like a new siege. Edward, thus threatened,

was not idle in his defence. Perceiving the French could only reach him by two approaches, one by the downs on the sea-side; the other by the highway over a bridge, called Nieulet Bridge;* he caused his navy to anchor on the coast, by which means the French could not pass that way, and gave the command of Nieulet Bridge to Earl Derby, with a competent force, the French being unable to pass any other way on account of the marshes. Philippe perceiving the difficulty he was placed in, sent his Marshals to reconnoitre, they soon returned and informed him he could not approach without the risk of his whole army. Upon this he despatched Lord Rybemont and other nobles to invite Edward to a pitched battle, requesting that he and his council would fix upon a proper place for the contest. Edward's reply was, "Tell my adversary I have been here nearly a year, he might have come sooner if he pleased; I am not inclined to follow his advice, or to leave a place I am on the point of taking, and have so much desired and dearly bought;† if he chooses to attack me he may follow his inclination." At this juncture Legates came from Pope Clement to treat for a peace, but the treaty failed; and Philippe finding he could not accomplish his object, had the mortification to withdraw this immense army to Amiens, where it was soon after disbanded. In his wars in Brittany and Gascony he was equally unfortunate.

In 1349, Philippe married his second wife, Blanche, daughter of Philippe, King of Navarre, then of the age of eighteen years, and on the 22d August following he died at Nogent, and was buried at St. Denys, on the left of the high altar, and in the vault below is his monumental effigy. He was succeeded by his eldest son, John Duke of Normandy.

* Nieulet Fort, about three miles west of Calais.

† Froissart,

Philippe is represented by Froissart, who was a contemporary, as a hardy and valiant knight, entitled to the appellation of a Knight of Chivalry; and there appears to have been no stain on his character, except that of putting to death the nobles of Bretagne and Normandy.

He became suspicious and austere by misfortune, which embittered his life, and exasperated the disaffected so as to strengthen the party of so politic and wary a competitor as Edward. He descended to the tomb with the name of the unfortunate; and in his flight after the battle of Crecy, when he called on the commander of the Castle of Broyes to open the gates, made use of this memorable expression—"Open, Governor, the fortune of France summons you." A French historian,* referring to this battle, says—

"La perte de la bataille de Crécy, avait plongé la France dans la plus vive consternation. L'ennemi faisait chaque jour des progrés rapides, et une stupeur profonde se répandait insensiblement dans les provinces alarmées."

Another† says—"La conquête de Calais par Edouard III. fut le coup le plus sensible que reçut le chef de la maison de Valois; le déplaisir qu'il en ressentit contribua à précipiter sa carrière, et il ne retarda pas à descendre dans la tombe avec le surnom *d'Infortuné*, tandis qu'au commencement de son règne, il avait entendu retentir une acclamation toute contraire: instabilite effrayante des choses humaines!"

* Buchon. † M. Piers.

J. Dennett.
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